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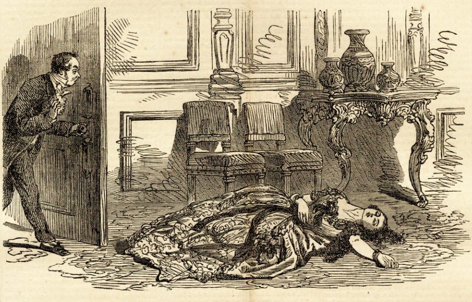

A TERRIBLE MYSTERY.

A LOVELY AUTHORESS.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I longed to see thee, gifted one,
For fame, in accents warm,
Had told me of thy loveliness
Of mind and face and form;
But oh, I did not think to meet
Such charms as I have met;
My dreams of thee were very bright,
But thou art brighter yet.

When Plato lay, in infancy,
In slumber's soft eclipse
'Tis said the gentle honey-bees
Came clustering round his lips;
And thus, as on thy lips we look,
So eloquent and warm,
A thousand sweet and wingéd thoughts
Around them seem to swarm.

A spell is in thy dark, bright eyes
The wildest soul to tame,
Dark as the tempest-cloud, and bright
As its quick glance of flame;
And, gazing in their earnest depths,
I see more angels there
Than fancy to a dreaming seer
E'er pictured in the air.

Young Genius his own coronal
Around thy forehead wreathes,
And high thoughts are the atmosphere
In which thy spirit breathes;
Thy soul can read the mysteries
Of cloud and sky and star,
And hear the tones of Eden-spheres
Borne sweetly down from far.

For thee the soul of poetry.
The universe pervades,
It glitters in the light, and dwells
All-softened in the shades;
The young waves murmur it, the dew
Reflects it from the flower,
The blue skies breathe it, and the air
Thrills with its mystic power.

Press on, bright one, press proudly on,
To win the laurel-crown,
And set thy living name among
The names of old renown;
Press on, press on, and thy bright fame
Will never, never die,
But, like the ivy, brighter grow
As centuries pass by.

EUDORA;
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

She deemed him dead, in a foreign land;
Did her smile come back with its glory bland,
Lighting her face as in other years,
Ere shame and sorrow had taught her tears?

He was dead, and the secret of shame and gloom
Lay buried deep in his distant tomb;
No more should she shudder to hear his name,
With a chilling heart and a brow of flame.

C. A. WARFIELD.

If Allworth Abbey was the most ancient and gloomy, and if the Anchorage was the most commanding and cheerful, assuredly Edenlawn was the most beautiful and delightful estate in the neighborhood of Abbeytown.

The three estates formed a right angle, of which Allworth Abbey was the eastern, Edenlawn the southern, and the Anchorage the western points.

Edenlawn was equi-distant, about three miles from the two.

The mansion was an elegant modern edifice of white stone, in the Grecian order of architecture, crowning the summit of a green and wooded hill that ascended gradually from the banks of the lovely little lake Eden. A wide vista had been opened between the trees from the white front of the mansion down to the clear waters of the lake. This vista was laid out in terraces, with stone steps leading down the centre, from level to level, from the house to the lake. It was adorned with parterres of beautiful flowers, groves of rare shrubs, and groups of fine statues.

On each side of these ornamented grounds, and behind the house, stood the ancient woods, where the fine old forest-trees were kept well trimmed and free from undergrowth by the zeal of old Davy Denny, the head-gardener, whose care of the place was a labor of earnest love.

And this was well, else, for all the interest taken in it by the proprietress, the Honorable Mrs. Elverton, this paradise might have fallen into desolation, or been transformed to a Gehenna.

For this beautiful Edenlawn, though a comparatively new place, was a house with a very dark history.

It was some years before the time of which we now write that the Honorable Hollis Elverton, only son of Baron Elverton of Torg Castle, in Yorkshire, while staying in Paris, married the beautiful and haughty Athenie de la Compte, daughter of that celebrated General de la Compte who held so high a place in the esteem of the ex-King Louis Philippe and in the councils of the nation.

Athenie de la Compte was a tall and dark brunette, with raven-black hair and flashing black eyes, and with an imperious temper and a commanding presence.

Immediately after their marriage the young couple set out for a lengthened tour on the Continent, and came to England only at the end of twelvemonths.

After a short season spent in London, where the imperial beauty of Mrs. Elverton created an immense sensation, at the close of the summer the young husband brought his youthful wife home to his beautiful villa of Edenlawn, which had been built, furnished, and adorned by Lord Elverton expressly for the residence of his son and daughter-in-law.

A few days after their settlement at home they were joined by a select party, of invited guests, who came down from town on a visit of a few weeks.

Mrs. Elverton then issued cards for a large evening party to all the neighboring nobility and gentry. The party was a great success, and formed the initiative of a series of neighborhood festivities.

It was in the midst of all this gaiety that the thunderbolt fell that struck the proud Athenie to the dust and spread a desert round her.

On a certain evening Mr. and Mrs. Elverton, and the friends who were staying with them, had returned late from a dinner-party given at the Anchorage. The visitors had withdrawn to their several apartments for the night; but Mr. and Mrs. Elverton, as was their daily custom, remained for a few minutes behind them in the drawing-room to discuss the events of the day before retiring to rest.

While with the buoyancy of youth, love, and joy they were sitting talking and laughing together, a footman entered the room and announced a stranger who imperatively demanded to see Mr. Elverton, and would take no denial, although Charles had explained that it was too late for his master to be disturbed.

Mr. Elverton, though the most courteous of gentlemen, could not be said to have yielded so much to courtesy as to curiosity to know who this importunate stranger might be, when he ordered Charles to show the unseasonable visitor into the library, whither he himself immediately proceeded.

The stranger was a woman of majestic presence, whose tall, commanding figure was wrapped in a long black cloak; and whose unknown features were concealed beneath a thick black vail. Thus much only the servants saw of her as Charles showed her into the library, whither she was instantly followed by Mr. Elverton.

Charles, in the conscientious discharge of the principal duty of his office, applied his ear to the keyhole; but his virtue was not rewarded by any satisfactory result. He only heard a low exclamation of astonishment from his master, a muttered reply from the stranger, and then the sound of their steps retreating towards a distant part of the room, where the words of their conversation were quite inaudible.

The ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Charles was really worthy of a better cause and greater success. He shut his eyes, plugged the orifice of his left ear with his little finger, and concentrated his five senses into the hearing of his right ear, which he plastered to the keyhole.

Alas! he could make out no single syllable of that mysterious interview; and the few sounds that he heard only tortured his curiosity—these sounds were occasionally a deep, half-smothered groan from his master, and a sharp, sarcastic laugh from the stranger.

This secret interview lasted for about an hour, at the end of which Charles heard the footsteps coming down the room towards the door, and deemed it proper to withdraw from his post of observation. But Mr. Charles's limbs were so stiff and numb from long kneeling, that it was no easy matter to rise, while at the same time there was imminent danger of his being discovered in the act of listening when his master should open the door.

With a last desperate effort he struggled upon his feet; and then, as fortune crowns us when we least expect her to do so, he had the satisfaction of overhearing something. It was the voice of his master, saying, in a tone of anguish:

"You are a fiend! a fiend! H—— never cast forth a blacker one to blast this fair earth!"

And the moment after Mr. Elverton pulled open the door, and hurried forth—alone! He crossed the hall, entered the drawing-room, and shut the door after him.

Charles stared after his master, and then looked to the right and to the left, before and behind, above and below, and everywhere else, to see whither the stranger had vanished, but in vain, for the earth seemed to have swallowed her.

Then he entered the library, and turned on the full light of the gas, and searched every nook and cranny, still in vain. Finally, he came to the conclusion that the stranger had been let out through one of the French windows that opened from the library upon the lawn.

And having settled that part of the mystery to his satifaction, Charles turned off the gas, shut up the library, and came back to the hall, just in time to hear a wild shriek and a very heavy fall from the drawing-room, and to see Mr. Elverton rush forth and run up stairs.

In astonishment and terror Charles hurried into the drawing-room, where, to his farther consternation, he found Mrs. Elverton extended upon the floor in a dead swoon. He hastened to summon the housekeeper and the lady's-maid, who came in great alarm to the assistance of their mistress.

Mrs. Elverton was carried to her room, where every means was used to restore her to consciousness. But when she came to her senses it was only to fall into the most fearful ravings, in which was darkly shadowed forth a calamity so direful, a grief so deep, a shame so intense, as raised the hair from the heads of the listeners with horror.

The housekeeper ordered everyone from the room, that none should hear these awful revelations. She also sent to summon Mr. Elverton to the bedside of his wife, but the master of the house was nowhere to be found. In her desperation she dispatched Charles for the medical attendant of the family; but it was near morning before Dr. Watkins could reach Edenlawn.

On his arrival he repaired immediately to the chamber of the suffering lady, but on hearing the appalling nature of her ravings, he warned the housekeeper to permit no one but herself to approach Mrs. Elverton until the latter should recover her senses.

During that morning the illness of the lady assumed another phase, and before noon an infant daughter was prematurely ushered into life.

But Mr. Elverton was not there to bless his first-born; and though messengers were dispatched in all directions to seek him, yet no clue could be found to the whereabouts of the missing master of the house.

Since the birth of her child Mrs. Elverton had fallen into no more ravings, but lay in a sort of dull despair. To rouse her from this state, the infant, a fine and healthy one, beautifully dressed, was carried to her. But the great black eyes of the mother dilated with horror at the sight of her child, and shuddering with excessive emotion, she turned away.

Seeing how terribly the mother was agitated by the presence of the child, the doctor ordered it to be carried to the nursery, where a nurse was engaged to take charge of it.

Meanwhile the visitors assembled at Edenlawn had learned, from the confusion of the household, the illness of the mistress, and the absence of the master, that some great event, some crushing calamity, some ill-understood horror, had suddenly fallen upon the family. Learning from the physician that Mrs. Elverton was in no condition even to receive their adieus, they left with him their parting compliments for her, and set out for town.

The convalescence of Mrs. Elverton was very long protracted, but though, during the ravings of her delirium, she had shrieked forth the names of her husband and child in connection with some unimagined horror, yet, from the moment of her return to reason, she never once recurred to the existence of either. Her attendants wondered that she never inquired after her husband; but her physician warned them not to force the subject upon her attention. The babe was doing well in the nursery, but Mr. Elverton had not yet returned, nor had any clue been found to his disappearance.

It was a period of three months' duration before Mrs. Elverton was sufficiently recovered from her severe illness to make her appearance in the drawing-room, and, oh! how changed from the haughty and beautiful woman, who some little time before, had been brought, a loved and happy bride, to Edenlawn!

The majestic form was indeed the same, but every vestige of color had fled from the classic face, leaving it white as the chiselled marble it resembled. The imperious brow was painfully contracted, the proud eyes were darkly vailed, the scornful lips were bitterly compressed, and the whole countenance was deeply stamped with the ineffaceable marks of an incurable despair. No one who had seen her three months previous could look upon her without feeling that some unutterable misfortune had blasted her life.

Her friends and neighbors, who, during her illness, had sent regularly to inquire after her progress, now called to pay their compliments upon her convalescence. But Mrs. Elverton declined to receive any visitors, and commissioned the physician to make her excuses. She refused even to receive a pastoral call from the clergyman of the parish; and though a zealous Protestant, exact in all the forms of her faith, she shunned the Christian rite of churching, and absented herself entirely from public worship. And even when months had passed, and the venerable *bonne*, whom she had brought with her from Paris, ventured to urge upon her the duty of having the infant baptized, she shuddered, and to the horror of Madame Julien, replied:

"*Baptize her!* the baptismal waters, if sprinkled on *her* forehead, would hiss and fly off in steam, as if thrown upon red-hot iron."

About this time Baron Elverton, summoned in haste from his official duties in London, arrived at Edenlawn on a hurried visit to his daughter-in-law. He was closeted with her for an hour in the library, and at the end of the interview he—the case-hardened old judge of a thousand criminal trials—came forth alone, with his face as pale as death, and with blank horror stamped like madness on his brow. Without waiting to see his grand-daughter he ordered a carriage to take him at once to the railway-station, whence he set out the same hour for London. He never came back to Edenlawn; but those who knew him well said that within a fortnight after his flying visit there the hair of Baron Elverton turned white as snow.

Months passed into years, and still the mystery of Edenlawn remained unsolved. No news was heard of Mr. Elverton. No explanation was offered by Mrs. Elverton. The unbaptized infant grew and thrived in health and beauty as well as if his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury had sprinkled her innocent brow; and she became the pet, the darling, and the idol of the household, although her wretched mother still continued to regard her as a creature thrice accursed. She was a healthy and a happy child, and consequently beautiful and good.

"*So* good, doctor, so very good," was the constant report of Madame Julien, or Madelon, as the old *bonne* was more familiarly called.

"So good is she; so very good? Well, then, as she has no other name, let us call her good—or Alma, which is the same thing," said the doctor, one morning.

And thus the infant, to whom her own mother strangely denied the rights of baptism, received the well-omened name of Alma.

The infancy of the little heiress passed in the nursery until she had attained the age of seven years, when an accomplished governess was engaged to superintend her education, and she was removed to the school-room.

But this migration brought Alma no nearer to her mother, who continued to shun her presence.

Indeed, the greatest interest ever shown by Mrs. Elverton in her daughter was upon the occasion of the latter being attacked with scarlet fever, when the anxiety of the lady became intense; and such anxiety as it was! an anxiety that made everyone shudder! anxiety, in short—not that the child should live, but that she should *die!*

It curdled the blood of the boldest to see, that while the life of the little girl was in imminent peril, the face of the lady was lighted up with a wild, maniac hope. But one morning Dr. Watkins, who had been very devoted in his attentions to his little patient, after paying his usual visit to the bed-side of Alma, entered the presence of Mrs. Elverton, and with his countenance radiant with satisfaction, said:

"I am happy to announce to you, madam, that our little Alma is out of danger. She will get well."

To the consternation of the good doctor, the lady dropped her clasped hands upon her lap, and while the old expression of incurable sorrow came back to her face, replied, in a voice of deep despair:

"I had hoped it might have been otherwise, but Heaven's holy will be done!"

It was when Alma was about ten years of age that Mrs. Elverton received the only news of her husband since the day of his strange disappearance. This was contained in an anonymous letter from St. Petersburg, announcing his decease in that city. Mrs. Elverton immediately wrote to the British Minister at that Court, to ascertain the facts of the case; but after the most careful investigation, the utmost extent of information she obtained was this, that a stranger, an Englishman, of the name of Elverton, had died at St. Petersburg. He had left no papers to afford a clue to his identity; his linen and boxes were marked "H. Elverton." And at the time that this inquiry was set on foot the body of the stranger had been too long buried to afford the slightest possibility of its being identified even if disinterred; and under these circumstances the sanctity of the grave had not been violated.

Mrs. Elverton never discovered the writer of the anonymous letter. She did not consider the intelligence she had received of sufficient reliability to warrant her in publishing the death of Mr. Elverton, or in placing her family in mourning. Yet those most familiar with the lady's moods thought that in her secret heart she believed in the death of her husband, and derived satisfaction from the belief, for it was observed that from the day she first received the intelligence—true or false—her countenance, though retaining all its profound melancholy, lost its unnatural expression of horror and despair.

Still, she took no delight in the society of her innocent daughter; still she attended no place of public worship; received no company and paid no visits, except visits of condolence to the houses of affliction, or of charity to the abodes of poverty.

And so passed the years of Alma's childhood. The young girl, if unfortunate in her mother, was blessed in her governess—a woman of a Christian heart, a cultivated mind, and accomplished manners—who conscientiously devoted herself to the temporal and eternal welfare of her young charge.

It was to this lady that Alma owed not only all her worldly education, but all her religious instruction. It was through her governess that Alma was prepared for the Christian rites of baptism and confirmation, both of which she received when she was about fifteen years of age.

But after this Alma lost her friend, companion, and governess.

The curate to whom Miss Moore had been betrothed for eight years at length obtained a living, and claimed the long-promised hand of his bride, who took leave of her friends at Edenlawn, and went to make the happiness of a humble parsonage in Yorkshire.

CHAPTER XVII.

"And now they are standing face to face;
Hath a dream come over that sylvan place?
One of those visions ghastly and wild,
That makes her shrink like a frightened child?

"For a while she stood as a bird is said
To meet the gaze of the serpent dread,
Pale and still for a time she stood
In the midst of that woodland solitude."

Alma grew up as beautiful as one of Raphael's picture angels; but her beauty was of a directly opposite style to that of her handsome mother. Alma resembled the patrician women of her father's family. Her form was of fairy-like proportions, small, slender, delicate, yet well-rounded and very graceful. Her features were of the purest Grecian type, her complexion was exquisitely fair, with the faintest rose-tint flushing cheeks and lips. Her hair was of a pale gold color; her eyebrows and eyelashes, of a darker hue, shaded deep blue eyes full of pensive thought. Hers was a beauty that might have gladdened a family circle and adorned society. But alas for Alma! Her young life passed in a worse than conventual seclusion.

Scarcely any form of existence in this world could be so lonely and monotonous as that of this fair girl at Edenlawn—Edenlawn, a paradise to look at, a purgatory to live in!

After the departure of her governess, Alma was literally solitary. Her mother, in the blind selfishness of a cherished grief, dwelt apart in her own private suite of rooms, which she never left except at the call of charity. Alma had neither brother, sister, friend, or neighbor; she was utterly companionless, and her life, therefore, more lonely than perhaps that of any other young creature in this world.

The children of the poorest parents have companions among their equals; the inmates of orphan asylums are herded together in great numbers; the cloistered nuns form large communities among themselves; even the convict prisoners work together in great gangs. In a word, the most wretched in this world were, in many respects, happier than Alma Elverton, the young and beautiful heiress-apparent of Edenlawn, Torg Castle, and the Barony of Elverton; for they at least enjoyed human sympathy and companionship, while she had no friend—not one—not a single creature of her own kind to speak with.

It is true there were laborers on the estate and servants in the house; but what society could the young girl find in them?

And there was her mother, retired within the citadel of her own mysterious and selfish sorrows; but what companionship could Alma find in her?

All young girls, as they develop into womanhood, yearn from their secret souls for a more perfect sympathy than they usually meet from their own family circles. This is the real cause of romantic school-girl friendships, and, alas! too frequently of other less harmless attachments.

In large and busy households, of many sisters and brothers, this aspiration is very much modified and rendered quite endurable. But the more lonely and idle the life of a young girl is doomed to be, the more intense is this secret yearning for sympathy. And if she happens to be of a poetic temperament also, the longing of her heart becomes the monomania of her mind.

Alma, with no one to converse with, no work to do, and no visits to receive or to pay, became an aspiring dreamer of beautiful dreams, impossible to be realized in this world of stern actualities; for "love, still love!" was the burden of those dreams. And even as it takes a feast to satisfy the hungry, so it would have required the whole circle of human love—father's, mother's, sister's, brother's, friend's, and lover's—to have satisfied the craving of Alma's starving heart. And she had none, not one atom of love, to keep that heart from perishing!

What do physicians mean by an atrophy of the heart? We all know what an atrophy of the stomach is—simply starvation for want of food. Is not atrophy of the heart also starvation for the lack of love? He who said "Feed my lambs," said also, "Love one another." And perhaps as many are perishing in this world for lack of love as for the want of food.

Alma's was an extreme case of this sort of starvation. And small as her experience was, she had seen, heard, and read enough to discover that her own life was very different from all other lives around her. At church, every Sunday, she saw happy family parties gathered together in their family pews. After the service, in the churchyard, she saw friends and neighbors greeting each other with affection and delight. She knew that, as the grand-daughter of the celebrated Baron Elverton, and as the heiress-apparent of his titles and estates, she was entitled to fully as much consideration as any other young lady in the county. Why did she not receive it?

From casual words and chance allusions, rather than from any detailed narrative or voluntary communication from the servants, Alma had gleaned as much of the domestic history as was known to the servants themselves. And she dreamed, wondered, and speculated upon the subject of the mystery that enveloped her family.

Her father! What was it that, on the night before her birth, had driven him in an agony of horror from his home forever?

Her mother! What was it that, from the hour of Alma's birth, had frozen that beautiful and ardent woman into the cold, hard statue that she now seemed?

Herself! What was it that set her apart, lonely and unloved, from all the human race?

Alma could have loved her mother, and been happy in her mother's love; but the cold and repellant atmosphere that surrounded the lady chilled and repulsed the maiden.

But Alma loved her unknown father with a love passing the love of woman, and all the mystery that hung over his sudden flight, his long exile, and his uncertain fate, only served to strengthen, deepen, and intensify this love.

Adjoining the library was a small study that had once belonged to her father, but which her mother was never known to enter. Here hung a full length portrait of her father, painted in London soon after his marriage. It represented a man in the prime of his youth, of a tall and finely-proportioned form, Grecian features, fair complexion, falcon-fierce blue eyes, and golden brown hair—a man of whom Alma seemed a small feminine copy.

Into this study Alma removed her work-table, her easel, paint-box, and books. And here, seated in front of the beloved portrait, Alma liked best to employ her mornings in needle-work, in drawing, reading, or dreaming of her unknown father. Her afternoons were passed in wandering by the margin of fair Eden's waters below the villa, or in roaming through the old woods behind the mansion, and ever dreaming of her unknown father, and yearning for his presence and his love.

Alma was very punctual in her attendance upon public worship, not only from religious principle—though that of itself would have been a sufficient motive to her—but also from the absolute necessity of at least *looking* upon the human beings with whom she could hold no other intercourse.

After the departure of her governess, she alone occupied the great family pew of the Elvertons, until Lady Leaton, who was then recently widowed, felt compassion for the lonely girl, and availing herself of the privilege given by a slight acquaintance with the Honorable Mrs. Elverton, invited Alma to sit with her family. There seemed to be no possible objection to this plan, and the solitary girl was only too glad to accept the kind invitation and sit with a party of young creatures of her own age and rank. This party consisted now of Agatha and Eudora Leaton, and Malcolm and Norham Montrose.

Alma informed her mother of this courtesy on the part of Lady Leaton.

Mrs. Elverton made no absolute objection, but gravely shook her head, and said:

"I have almost ceased to wage a vain war with destiny; yet, girl, I would warn you against one error that to you would be fatal! There are two young gentlemen on a visit to that family; it is their attentions that I would have you shun as you would shun eternal perdition! Beware of the Messrs. Montrose! Beware of *all* men! for, Alma, love and marriage are not for you!"

Alma grew pale as death at the awful words and manner of her mother, for she felt that the warning came too late, as warnings generally do.

Alma had been introduced to every member of Lady Leaton's party, and among the rest, to Captain Norham Montrose, who was at once deeply impressed by the fresh and delicate beauty of the fair young girl, and strongly attracted by the splendid prospects of the rich young heiress.

And Alma, with all her lonely heart and soul yearning and aching for companionship and sympathy, became too easily fascinated by the love-tuned voice and love-tempered gaze of the handsome young hussar.

A few weeks, therefore, irretrievably decided the destiny of Alma—she loved, and loved for ever!

To have gained the passionate love of a creature so good and beautiful, with a heart so fresh and pure, was a triumph such as had never before fallen to the lot of the fascinating young officer. And what at first had been to him a pursuit half of admiration, half speculation, became at length a mad passion, an infatuation, a delirium! He could scarcely be said to live out of Alma's presence. The world to him soon came to be divided only into two parts—where she was, and where she was not; and time into two eras—when she was present, and when she was absent. He saw her only at church on Sundays, and the six days that intervened between were to him "spaces between stars."

To boldly ask the hand of this heiress of her grandfather and her mother, was nothing less than madness on the part of a young officer with only his pay. And yet, instigated as much by his overweening pride as by his headlong passion, Captain Montrose wrote to Lord Elverton and to Mrs. Elverton, asking their permission to pay his addresses to Miss Elverton at Edenlawn. From Lord Elverton he received a courteous but decided refusal—from Mrs. Elverton a sharp and peremptory denial.

And after this poor Alma's only social solace was taken away from her, and she was forbidden to go to church.

This prohibition, as might have been expected, did more harm than good; for whereas, before it was issued, the young lovers met only once a week at church in the presence of others, they now met almost every day alone in the woods behind Edenlawn. These meetings commenced not by appointment, but rather by accident. Alma, as has been already said, was in the daily habit of walking by the margin of the lake below Edenlawn, or in the woods behind the house.

Norham, missing her from her seat at church, and forbidden to call upon her at her mother's house, and longing for her society as the dying long for life, walked to Edenlawn, and rambled through the woods, only to be near the dwelling that contained his idol. In these rambles he met Alma. But an angel might have been present at these meetings for any indiscretion on the part of the young lovers.

Norham did indeed use all the eloquence of passion to persuade Alma to fly with him to Scotland. But dreary as was the home-life of the unhappy girl, she was so far firm to her filial duty as to resist all his persuasions.

"No, no, Norham," she would answer; "my heart reproaches me bitterly enough for walking with you here, and I should not do it, perhaps, only I feel that if I did not see you sometimes I should go mad with loneliness. But, Norham, I will not farther wrong my mother. Wait until I am of age, and have the right to dispose of my hand; then, Norman, I will place it in yours."

And no arguments, entreaties, or prayers on the part of her lover availed anything against the conscientious resolution of Alma. And even when at length his leave of absence expired, and he was ordered to join his regiment, which was stationed in Scotland, he took advantage of this fortuitous combination of circumstances to urge upon his beloved Alma the consideration of the deep pain of separation, and the facilities for their union offered by the locality of his service, she remained true to her convictions of duty, and had the firmness to bid him adieu and to see him depart.

To young creatures surrounded by sisters, brothers, and cousins, relatives, friends, and neighbors, the self-denial of this lonely girl will scarcely be appreciated.

From the time of her lover's departure for Scotland she saw no more of him until the day of the double funeral at Allworth Abbey.

We have already said that it was only in the times of their affliction that the Honorable Mrs. Elverton ever visited her neighbors. Thus, recluse as she was, she had ordered her mourning-coach, and with Alma seated by her side, had attended the funeral solemnities at Allworth Abbey.

In the course of that day Alma had exchanged a glance and a bow with Norham. And the next afternoon, *instinct* rather than understanding led her out to take a walk in the woods behind Edenlawn.

It was a lovely summer's afternoon, and the low, descending sun was striking his level yellow rays through the interlacings of the forest-trees, edging each leaf and twig with a golden flame.

Alma wandered on, in that mental struggle between duty and inclination, or rather between conscience and necessity, that occupies one half our inner lives.

She was happy in the hope of seeing Norham, and miserable in the fear of doing wrong. This is a paradox of daily occurrence.

While she walked on in the dulcemarah, the bitter sweet of this forbidden hope, she heard the fallen leaves and twigs break beneath a firm footstep behind her.

Her breath stopped, her heart fluttered, her cheek crimsoned. She paused for the coming up of the footsteps, but she did not turn her head.

"I have the honor of speaking to Miss Elverton, I presume."

The voice of the speaker was deep, rich, and inexpressibly mournful.

Alma started, turned round, and dropped her eyes, while a deep blush mantled her face.

The speaker was a tall, finely-formed, fair-complexioned, and very handsome man, of about forty years of age.

While addressing Alma he held his hat entirely off his head, and stood with a courtly grace that the girl had never seen equalled.

She was naturally surprised and even terrified at the unexpected apparition of a stranger in that lonely place and at that late hour, but aside from these natural emotions, there was something in the aspect of the man that thrilled her with a feeling which was neither surprise nor terror, but something infinitely deeper than either.

"I have the honor of addressing Miss Elverton, I presume?" repeated the stranger, with the same gracious courtesy of tone and manner.

"Yes, sir," breathed the girl, with her heart throbbing quickly.

"Miss Elverton, does your mother still live?" inquired the deep voice of the stranger.

The throbbing of Alma's heart nearly suffocated her. Her breath came quickly and gaspingly. She threw her arm around a tree for support, and leaned her head against the rough bark, while she stole another look at the stranger.

Yes, there was the same noble head, with its bright locks of golden brown waving around the broad, white forehead; the same dark blue eyes with the falcon glance; the same Grecian nose, short, proud upper lip, and rounded chin; the same face, only a little older, that daily looked down upon her from the portrait in the study. As Alma realized this truth, she felt as though her last hour of life had come, and that she was dying in a dream.

"Does your mother still live?" repeated the stranger.

"My mother still lives, if breathing means living," answered Alma, in an expiring voice, and trembling in every limb.

The eyes of the stranger were fixed upon her—were reading her very soul. At length he spoke.

"Girl, your eyes never beheld me before, and yet—does not your instinct recognize me?"

"Oh, Heaven, my heart!" gasped the girl, leaning, pale as death, against the tree.

"Yes, your heart acknowledges him whom your eyes never before saw——"

"My father——"

"Hush—hush—no word of that sort——"

"Oh, my father——"

"Hush, hush, no word like that, I say!" repeated Hollis Elverton, in a sepulchral voice.

But his daughter, pale as death, trembled like a leaf, and nearly fainting with excessive agitation, had entirely lost her self-possession.

She either did not hear or did not understand his strange words.

Extending her arms towards him with a look of imploring affection, and in a voice of thrilling passion, she cried:

"Father! oh, father! will you not embrace your child?"

The tall figure of the man shook as a tree shaken by the wind, but he averted his face, and threw his hand towards her with a repelling gesture.

She dropped her arms with a look of shame, sorrow and wonder, murmuring:

"Never since I lived have I been pressed to my mother's bosom, or received a mother's kiss, or known a mother's love. And the father for whose presence my heart has longed through all the years of my lonely youth—the father whom my love has followed through all the years of his long exile—now, in the first moment of our meeting, repulses his child and turns away! Oh, father!" she exclaimed, in passionate earnestness, "what have I done that both my parents should hate me?"

"You have done nothing wrong, nor do we hate you, poor girl!" replied Elverton, in an agitated voice.

"*What am I*, then, that those who gave me life should turn shudderingly away from me as from a monster accursed?"

"Child, child, cease your wild questionings! There are mysteries in this world that may never be revealed until that last dread day of doom, when all that is hidden shall be made clear!"

After this there was silence between them for a few minutes, during which they gazed upon each other's faces with mournful, questioning interest. Then Hollis Elverton, in a gentle voice, inquired:

"What name have they given you, child?"

"My mother called me by no name, but the good doctor gave me that of Alma."

"Then you did not receive the rites of Christian baptism?"

"Not in infancy—not until I was old enough to act for myself in that respect; then I presented myself at the altar, and received at the same time the sacraments of baptism and confirmation."

"And your mother?"

"She made no objection, but gave me no encouragement. She was neutral in the matter; but, father, did I not do right?"

Hollis Elverton groaned, but made no reply. And again silence fell between them, while they studied each other with the same painful interest. At length she broke the spell by asking, in a tearful voice:

"Father, will you not accompany me to the house, and see my mother?"

"Never!" exclaimed Hollis Elverton, while a spasm of unutterable anguish convulsed his fine face.

"Alas, sir, if not to see her, what motive has brought you back to England?"

"Two of the strongest that can ever govern human action—the love of one I love, the hate of one I hate! I come to watch over and save an angel girl from utter ruin, and to hunt a demon woman to her doom!"

"Your words are strange and alarming, my father."

"And I can give you no explanation of them now; I am even here in secret. I must see you only in secret, and you must give me your word of honor never to mention this meeting, or even mention the fact of my return to England."

"Not even to my mother?"

"Not even to her; least of all to her!"

"Alas, alas, my father, do you hate her so?"

"*Hate her?*—hate your mother?—hate Athenie?—hate my—oh, Heaven, Alma!—no, I do not hate her; on the contrary——"

Here his voice broke down, and raising his cloak, he vailed his agitated face in its folds.

"Alas, alas, my father! what horror was it that so suddenly burst asunder all ties of affection between you? Father—father, answer me!—tell me that it was not her fault—not my mother's fault!"

He dropped the fold of his cloak from his face, and looking for the first time angrily upon his daughter, demanded sternly:

"Why should you dare to ask if your mother was in fault?"

"Alas, I know not. I beg your pardon and hers. My short life has been made a desert by this mystery, father, and yet for myself I have never once complained, but when I know that her life is one prolonged agony, and now see the agony stamped upon your brow, I become half crazy, and think—I know not what."

"I will answer your question, unhappy girl; and assure you, in the presence of high Heaven, that our violent parting was not caused by your mother's fault. A purer, sweeter, nobler woman than your mother never lived," said Hollis Elverton, earnestly.

"Oh, God, I thank thee!—I thank thee!—I thank thee for that!" cried Alma, in a thrilling voice that betrayed how heavy had been the burden of doubt that rested on her mind, and how ineffable was the sense of relief now that it was lifted off."

"You are satisfied?" inquired Elverton.

"For her, oh, yes; but oh, my father, tell me—this separation was not your fault either? she cried, clasping her hands, and gazing with imploring eyes into his face.

"No, nor my fault either, Alma; I swear it to you, by all my hopes of Heaven! We loved each other as man and woman seldom love in this world," replied Elverton, in a hollow voice; "we severed, and until the judgment day it may never be known why."

"You loved each other so devotedly; you married publicly with the blessings of all your friends; you came hither to your beautiful home, and in one month, in the very perfection of your happiness, your union was shattered as by a thunderbolt from Heaven. You parted; oh, my father, was that well?"

"It was well!" he answered, solemnly.

She looked into the stern sorrow of his face, and read there that, in the simple words of his reply, he had uttered some awful truth. Again her heart yearned towards her father with inextinguishable love. She extended her arms and advanced towards him with imploring looks. But he waved her off, saying, in pitying tones:

"Come no nearer, unhappy girl! Between you and me there is a great gulf fixed. Hark! some one approaches! I must leave you now! Good night—nay, stop one moment! I must see you again at this hour to-morrow. In the meantime, drop no hint of my presence in England."

"None; I will keep your secret, my father," replied Alma, as Hollis Elverton, waving adieu, disappeared in the coverts of the woods.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

Animal Food.—It is a well-established fact, that, amongst those classes who get the least animal food, as also in those public establishments where meat is only sparingly allowed, mortality is greatest, and disease is most rife. One of the most common forms of disease generated by an exclusively vegetable diet is scrofula, and when traceable to this cause, the most speedy remedy is the addition of animal food to the diet. There are also many other forms of disease produced by the want of animal food, which require for their cure but an abundant supply of the needed material.

* * *

Sports of Childhood.—A celebrated female writer thus pleads the cause of the little girls: "I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed—nor bow her over her book, till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain and kindles the brain fever."

THE CONFIDANTE.

My mirror showed me a not unpleasing face, whose slender oval was framed in long, smoothly twining tresses of darkest, glossiest brown. There were ripe, red lips which parted in frequent smiles, and disclosed small, pearly teeth that everybody said were beautiful. My nose was neither a pug nor adorned by that ugly hump that some people profess to admire under the name of Roman, but it was, at least, a tolerably pretty nose. I had hazel eyes that could "melt" and "flash" on occasion, but which were generally arch in expression, as I lifted the long curled lashes which were, after all, the chief beauty of my face.

"There is nothing particularly repulsive—nothing even unpleasing about my face," I said, after mentally summing up the catalogue of my good looks. "I wish I wasn't so fat. I can think of two or three girls to whom, if it were possible, I should like to impart some of my adipose tissue, for my own benefit and theirs, but to be a little robust and buxom in form is not the greatest misfortune in the world. I have no doubt that Ned Myers meant to compliment me when he called me a 'merry little roly-poly,' though I was more vexed than pleased that he should say so. However, I am not going to drink vinegar nor starve myself for the purpose of reducing my 'fair proportions,' and if people can't love me as I am, I must e'en do without being loved. I can, and be merry and true as well—heigho! Pshaw! I won't care, but somehow—heigho!"

And after this second sigh, more prolonged, more solemn and intense than the first, I sank into a gloomy reverie, too confused to be narrated in words, but not pleasant, as the gradually lengthening proportions of my face, and my gathering tears amply testified.

I was not an ill-looking girl, that point was settled, even after making the reservation of my rather too plump figure. I was merry, and, on occasion, I *could* be earnest and even serious. I had met with few crosses or trials in life, and had no idea of being sentimentally miserable over imaginary troubles. Still I had active sympathies, and could weep for others' sorrows as well as enter with merriest zest into their joys.

I suppose I was then simply a kind, loving, joyous, common-place girl.

I know I had troops of friends, and was the confidante of all the joys and troubles of my numerous acquaintances. Especially was this the case as regarded all love matters. I was but twenty, but, for the last four years, I might almost say that I had been cognizant of the rise, progress, downfall or consummation of every love affair in the neighborhood, including the mature loves and business-like arrangements of sundry middle-aged widowers and bachelors, and their "affinities" of the opposite sex.

And yet with all my sympathy, with all the extensive knowledge gained by observation, and loving as my heart was, though objectless, I had never had a love affair of my own, never been sought, or had the precious maidenly privilege of uttering the momentous "No." "Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo"—that was the burden of my song, and as all the girls of my age were blessed with lovers, or already assuming marital responsibilities, I confess I was rather tired of singing this "old maid's" song.

Only that morning Milly Travis had come, all blushes and smiles, to ask me to be her bridemaid, she having promised to give herself "for better for worse" to Eben Ward, in just four weeks.

Eben Ward had been my "beau," all the previous winter, attending me to singing-schools and prayer-meetings, taking me to all the parties, and sleigh-rides, and playing the devoted greatly to the edification of the villagers, if not to my own.

But he had never said one word of love, and now——. Why he was going to marry Milly Travis, and *I* was to be bridemaid! I should have the privilege of purchasing a dress to wear at his wedding, but not a bridal dress—and of giving a party in his and Milly's honor. "It was too bad, there——"

I was going to indulge in a few femininic tears, half angry half sad, but I thought better of it—turned the toilet mirror so that I could get a good view of my face, and at length came to the mental conclusion partly recorded above, and drew consolation from the conviction that if nobody loved me yet, it was not because I was utterly unlovable.

I was in pretty good spirits the following day when I drove, with my mother, to the neighboring town for the purpose of purchasing the dress I was to wear at Milly's wedding. And in this state of mind I continued through all that busy month of preparation.

Nothing troubled me but the half-concealed curiosity and pity of my neighbors. That *was* hard to bear, but not as hard as it would have been if I had loved Eben Ward; or had been trying to bury any regrets in my own breast. I never had cared for him, except as a pleasant acquaintance, therefore it was no real disappointment to give him up. I felt a little contempt for him too, since I had gathered in various ways the knowledge that his attentions to me had only been a piece of paltry revenge on Milly Travis, for some fancied slight, and that as soon as he thought he had punished her sufficiently, he had gone back to his early allegiance.

It was not so very pleasant to think I had been made a cat's paw, but it was better than to be the wife of a fellow capable of such a contemptible act. So I thought then and think now.

Well, the wedding day came at last, and conscious that there would be some persons there who would watch me critically, to see how I "bore my disappointment," I went through it all merrily enough. I had a good many things to do, as bridemaid, and was tired enough when it was all over, and the newly-married pair fairly off on their tour. So I gladly bade Milly's parents good-bye, and set out for home under the escort of Eben's cousin from the city, who had been groomsman, and my attendant.

I had never seen Mr. James Ward until that day, and I had not then been prepossessed with him. He was small, dark, and plain. He had been silent, also, joining in none of the merriment which had been so rife that afternoon, in the old farm-house.

I thought him disagreeable and supercilious, and as I felt very weary, and he seemed quite indifferent about pleasing me, I determined not to exert myself to maintain conversation during our drive.

We had proceeded at least half way in silence, when suddenly glancing up, as one will under the magnetism of a fixed glare I encountered my companion's eyes fastened upon me with an expression in which curiosity and amusement were blended.

Involuntarily I laughed aloud as our glances met—the ice was broken, and words flowed freely from that moment.

I found all my lassitude vanish beneath the influence of the easy, graceful manner of this polished man of the world. I had lived always in the country, associating only with persons of average intelligence and somewhat narrow views. But here was one whom good society—the good society of a large city—foreign travel, and large commerce with his kind in various conditions of life, added to the influences of an excellent education, had formed, and polished, and imbued with a thousand branches of knowledge, and topics of thought and conversation of which I was ignorant, or had learned only from books.

Every word he uttered had a charm for me, inexpressible, fascinating, delightful. As time wore on, and he remained in our neighborhood, he sought my father's house more often than any other. He entered quietly into our quiet country amusements, and was always the gentleman everywhere, courteous, if not affable, to all.

But I was the only one—the only girl, I mean—to whom he talked, whose home he visited freely. He danced with Martha Waring, strolled by the river side with Anna Lee, and even went upon one or two sketching expeditions with little Mary Lawrence. Report said that he was giving May amateur instructions in the art of drawing, of which the pretty little creature had a passionate fondness. But I was the only one whom he visited.

I had been warned by my experience with his cousin Eben, but James was a man so utterly different, that it seemed impossible to look upon the conduct of the two in the same light. It did not once occur to me that James Ward could deceive me, and it seemed impossible to place but one interpretation upon his constant attentions.

But I never seriously thought of this until the little pang of jealousy I felt when a neighbor officially informed me of the drawing-lessons at Mary Lawrence's enlightened me as to my true feelings.

I loved at last—I should no longer play the role of confidante alone, but become the principal actor in a genuine love affair of my own. It was then that I began to reason upon my position, and I built up a firm belief that I had not loved unsought, and that, in good time, the looks and tones that had thrilled my heart would be interpreted in the words I now longed, not alone from girlish vanity, to hear.

But time passed on. James Ward's visit drew to a close, its last days came and ended, the farewells were said, and still these words were unuttered. I knew that he had been reared and educated by a wealthy maternal uncle, and I persuaded myself that he wished first to consult this uncle before he pledged himself to me. With this interpretation his conduct was perfectly honorable, and I was content.

The month of his absence fled swiftly away. I did not hear from him, but that by no means shook my faith. I loved, and with true love comes perfect trust in its object.

At the end of that time he appeared one morning at our door. I went down to the parlor to greet him, as soon as I could control the flutter of joy which the announcement of his coming had aroused.

He met me with the old cordial greeting I knew so well. With my hand clasped in his, with that kind smile beaming upon me, with those hasty, earnest questions regarding my welfare ringing in my ear, could I have doubted? I did not doubt then. I was entirely, perfectly happy.

To have been happy even one hour is cause for deepest gratitude, and I bless God for that which I enjoyed that morning, the last for many a day.

I thought he would have spoken of that of which my own heart was full, but we were interrupted by company, and he went away.

That evening, as the sunset glories were flooding our lovely valley, he came again to our gate, and Mary Lawrence leaned upon his arm. She entered, and he lingered, leaning upon the gate, and gazing out upon the home field where the laborers were busily securing the last loads of fragrant hay. I think he made a sketch of the scene in Mary's portfolio, which he held. I have often wondered if he guessed the storm that was raging within, while he limned this fair and peaceful scene.

I had not lost my role! I was the confidante still! For while I sat and looked from my window upon the man I loved, the pretty blushing creature at my side, hiding her face upon my bosom, told me how he had won her heart, and this day had gained her promise to become his bride!

I believe I was stunned, for I bore it all without a tear, a shudder, or scarcely a pang. I only thought, then, of the necessity of concealment, and though I know that my sympathy was cold, and my congratulations formal, I am sure that neither Mary nor James, who came in soon after, radiant with quiet joy, had any suspicion of my feelings.

What I suffered afterward I need not tell. A fierce sorrow soon burns itself out. Let us not disturb its embers.

I was asked again to be bridemaid at the wedding of the man who had given me cause, in all but plain, frank love-words, to believe that he sought me for a wife. In this case it would have been no easy task. So I went away to pay a long-deferred visit, and did not return to my home until all was over.

* * * * * * *

We live sometimes to smile at our most passionate regrets, as we look back upon them through the vistas of the dim Past. I have done so. It is long since I ceased to feel the smart of that early wound. James Ward is emphatically a man of society. Rumor says he is far more agreeable in that, his chosen sphere, than in the home where his simple-hearted wife devotes herself to her children and to the art which first won him to her side. If she had become as famous as an artist, as he desired to be as a conversationist, he would perhaps have gloried in standing by her side. But mother-love triumphed over all other impulses, and she left the atelier for the nursery. Then James Ward left her to follow his own career. Had I known his selfish aspirations, I had sooner ceased to regret him.

I wore the martyr-crown of spinsterhood for many a year, and played the role of confidante, anew, to the children of my early friends. But my time came at last. I suppose mine was not a love-match, for those were two frosty heads that wagged at each other from opposite sides of our parlor fireside. But if trust, and faith, and perfect content are manifestations of mutual affection, then are my "auld man" and I most truly wed.

* * *

Phenomena Indicative of Weather.—When the swallow flies low and skims over the surface of the ground or of the water, frequently dipping the tips of its wings or bill into the latter as it glides along, we may conclude that rain will soon occur. The two reasons for this lowness of flight may be, that at such times insects are more busy near the earth's surface, and that the rarity of the air then renders flying more laborious in proportion to the hight in which a bird soars. "Swans flying against the wind," says Mr. Forster, "portend rain;" and, he adds, that he frequently noticed this sign and its fulfillment. Violins, and other musical instruments, having catgut strings, never emit such perfect tones when the air becomes damp just before and during rainy weather. Neither will they keep so well in tune, for the catgut continues to expand in proportion to the moisture of the air.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How beautiful was that vision given
To him, of old, who saw his spirit stand
Deep in the paradise of ages back,
Long ages ere it took a mortal form,
And walked the Earth! Remembrances flashed up,
Like lightnings through thick clouds, of wondrous thoughts,
Of glorious scenes, of all we grandly deem
Fit for the brains and eyes of gods that stride
The shadowy mountains of Eternity.
And then the great Sage felt, sublimely knew
The Immortal was his heritage; the gods
Were comrades! What to him was that men call
Dark Death? The cypress and the tomb were less
Before his march than lightest clouds the moon
Rolls through, with queenly scorn, what time she takes
Her empire of starred Heaven.—O how the Seer
Made harmony of desire and destiny
In that Athenian grove!—"The gods! the gods!"
He murmured low, but deep as Ida's wind,
"My comrades are! Eternity—my life!"

THE VIPER WARMED;

OR,

THE GAME OF HEARTS AND DOLLARS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

James Hayward, a wealthy merchant of a Southern city, in the very prime of his years, was suddenly prostrated by a violent and painful disease. For many days his sufferings were so great that he had thought only for them. But the time came when his physician felt it his duty to inform the sick man that his days were numbered, and that human skill had been baffled in its utmost efforts to restore health to the sinking frame. Such being the case, Dr. Elwood besought his patient, who was also a life-long and very dear friend, to arrange his worldly affairs, so that, without a shadow of earthly care, he might prepare his spirit for its entrance into the unknown life.

Mr. Hayward received the tidings in silence. He closed his eyes, and lay quite still—so still that his friend would have supposed him sleeping but that he saw the eyelids quiver, while from the dark fringe which rested upon his wan cheek a solitary tear stole down and fell upon the pillow. It was not for himself he was weeping. But his strength did not utterly fail, for he turned at length to his friend, and asked in a calm tone, though his lip quivered with hidden anguish:

"Will you care for my children, Alfred, when I am gone? Can I trust you to restrain and guide the fervent impulses of Edgar's young manhood, and will you give to Adela the tender care without which she would wither like a flower deprived of the sunlight? There is not one beside yourself to whom I can confide them, and if you promise what I ask, I can yield unshrinkingly to my fate."

The doctor bowed his head. Tears, choked his utterance for a moment, and then he said:

"I will accept your trust, James, and may God render unto me according to my care for those whom you confide to me."

The sick man's feeble hand closed over his friend's. Glance sought glance—they read each the other's soul, and were satisfied.

Edgar and Adela Hayward became inmates of Dr. Elwood's family, which consisted of himself, his wife, and only daughter, Anna, who was nearly the same age of her father's ward. For many years this was the home of Adela, while Edgar pursued his studies at various institutions, and finally graduated with honor at a northern college, after which, having decided to adopt the profession of his guardian, he applied himself to the study of medicine.

Adela returned from school at seventeen, and she and Anna, admitted now to all the privileges of young ladyhood, took their places in the doctor's household. Adela was rejoiced to find her brother also an inmate of the same house. For some years they had not met except during vacations, when Edgar, and sometimes Adela, also, were like guests in their home.

Edgar Hayward was now twenty-five years of age. The promise of his youth had been fulfilled in a noble manhood. Already he stood high in his profession, but he preferred accepting Dr. Elwood's offer of a partnership with him, to the wider fields of professional labor that opened to him.

A few months passed, and then the doctor, while in the discharge of his professional duties, at a period when a fearful epidemic was raging in the city, was suddenly stricken down by a violent attack of the fatal disease. A few hours only passed, and he was dead; a few more, and his remains were borne from the home to which his death brought the first sorrow.

Dr. Hayward, upon whom fell many heavy duties in this season of emergencies, would fain have persuaded his friends to seek a refuge in the country until the fury of the pestilence was past, but Adela would not leave her brother, and Mrs. Elwood and Anna were unwilling that aught should sever them from those who were so dear while danger surrounded them. With rare fidelity to each other, they resolved to live or to die together.

It was an awful season. A silence like a pall brooded over the doomed city, and in the shadow and in the sunlight the unseen pestilence stalked upon its devastating course. In most houses were the stricken, the dying, or the dead. Many had fled from their homes, others had left their tenements vacant, lying down themselves in the cold and narrow tomb. Many persons wandered the streets, and feeling the hand of disease upon them, lay down to die in alleys and upon the stony pavements, that were not harder than men's hearts in that fearful time, to sights of human suffering.

But there were some beings, as for the great credit of humanity there are always, whose charities were as warm as their hearts. They lifted up the suffering and bore them to their homes, and, although strangers, watched and tended them in full and loving recognition of the great bond of human brotherhood. Of these were the Elwoods and Haywards.

Edgar going his rounds among the stricken, saw sights of suffering enough to awaken all his sympathies, and with full confidence in his friends, he brought home such patients as peculiarly needed the care they could not otherwise receive.

One of these whom he found ill upon the steps of a hotel, from which he had just been rudely thrust on the first discovery of his symptoms, a young, athletic man, whose elegant dress and choice speech showed refinement of taste and breeding, was among the earlier partakers of this most beneficent hospitality. He recovered, but his convalescence was slow and imperfect. All Dr. Hayward's home patients had slipped from the kindly hands that would have held them back into the cold obstruction of the grave, or, well again, had left the blessed shelter and true friends that had saved them, and had gone their several ways, long ere he could leave his chamber, or begin to exult in the certainty of coming strength.

Long ere this Sydney Crampton had become not only the patient but the friend of Dr. Hayward, while to the ladies he was no longer the stranger whom they nursed from charity, but a familiar inmate whom they could not think of losing without regret. To one he was even more than that, for Anna Elwood had learned to love him.

It was a strange game of cross-purposes that Cupid played in that old house, which lay yet in the shadow of the personal grief that had visited it, as well as of the universal desolation which the pestilence had wrought. Sydney Crampton, beloved by Anna Elwood, had fixed his regards upon Adela Hayward. Her he really loved as well as a nature entirely superficial could love, though it is no doubt true that his desires were almost as strongly fixed upon the fortune that, if he could win her, would release him from debt and reinstate him in the ancestral home that, burdened by heavy mortgages, was about slipping from his hands.

Scarcely had he recovered sufficiently to be able to travel, than he received an urgent summons to New York, near which city lay his estate, and in which he had run that brief career of dissipation and vice which had made him a fit subject for the pestilence. He had intended to secure Adela by betrothal, if possible, ere he went, but going so hurriedly, the opportunity was lost of offering himself to her acceptance. Anna, not suspecting what was in his heart, and cherishing tender memories of a few expressions of gratitude, too general to have borne much significance to any ear but hers, saw him depart with regret that was only slightly assuaged by his promise of a speedy return.

He did not return at once. Perhaps he found his affairs too much entangled to be able to extricate himself at once from the meshes his vices had woven. Perhaps the gaieties and temptations that surrounded him were enjoyed with too great a zest, after his experience in the domains of sickness and the shadow of death, for him to find strength to break away from them. Be the cause what it may, he was absent three months, and during that time two events of some significance occurred in the house he had left.

One who had loved Adela Hayward long, made his declaration and was accepted, to her own content and the approval of her friends. And Dr. Hayward, to whom Anna Elwood had been dear as his own life for many a year, had spoken at last, and laid his rich, true heart at her feet, only to have it spurned, not rudely nor thanklessly, but with the proffer of a sister's affection instead of that he asked. Such words seemed almost a mockery, but he submitted in silence, for he desired no disruption of the ties which bound the remnants of two families in such pleasant concord. Mrs. Elwood remained in ignorance of what had occurred as did Adela, and painful as it was to Edgar, he remained in the family where he was beloved as a son.

Thus matters stood when Sydney Crampton returned from New York. His creditors were pressing him hard; he had left his mother and sister in bitter sorrow at the prospect of losing their home. He had only escaped arrest by pleading his prospective engagement to an heiress, and so got leave to go out of sight of duns and constables for a little time. He was very desperate, and though he felt a strange pang in his worldly heart when he found that Adela had escaped him, he found no great difficulty in turning to Anna, whose joy at his return too plainly betrayed the state of her affections.

But Sydney Crampton was ill at ease. He loved Adela more and more, and Anna less and less, for a strange disgust would steal over him at every manifestation of her innocent affection. He intended to marry her, of course, and to use her fortune to free himself from debt, and it was no part of his plan to treat her unkindly In fact, he owned to himself that he might have loved her, that is in the way such natures love, but for Adela.

In the meantime all was working well for the success of his plans; in which he would soon have been completely successful but for an unexpected occurrence which tempted him to an act that, after working various ill results, finally served to unmask his treachery, though his victim had been freed by other interposition.

Adela and her lover, as lovers foolishly will sometimes, had a slight disagreement. The lady was sad, and the gentleman sullen, and for three or four days he did penance himself, while punishing his friend by omitting his usual visits. Sydney Crampton undertook the task of comforter. But Adela's grief tempted him beyond the bounds of prudence. Interrupted in the midst of a passionate speech, which quite betrayed him, he rushed away to his room, the fiend of mischief still pursuing, and penned a letter to Adela containing a declaration of love, and an offer of marriage, with solemn denials of any affection for Anna, whom he averred he sought in the madness of his disappointment at finding her betrothed.

This letter aroused a variety of emotions in Adela's mind, but predominant over all was indignation for the insult offered her—the betrothed of another, and for the wrong done her friend. Anna was absent, or she would, doubtless, have informed her at once of this treachery. As it was she only waited her return, when chancing to meet Sidney Crampton he affected so much penitence, that she forgave him, and promised to keep secret that which he characterized as his mad and foolish act; and further, as an earnest of the forgiveness her generous nature accorded, she suffered him to reclaim the fatal letter.

But she had already carried the tale to her brother, and he, bound by no promise, had hastened to Mrs. Elwood.

Crampton was soon confronted with the story of his wrong. He denied all, and Adela was summoned to the conference. She reiterated the tale she had told her brother, and he demanded proof—the letter, and when she, with the astonishment she could not but feel, reminded him that it was in his possession, he only smiled scornfully, as if the whole were a girl's petty trick.

Dr. Hayward asserted that he had seen and read the letter, that it bore Sidney Crampton's signature, but was written in an irregular and almost illegible hand. Sidney smiled again, and demanded proof.

There the matter rested. Anna's heart turned toward her lover, but her mother, more prudent, demanded that the engagement should be suspended, and the marriage delayed. And Crampton departed hurriedly for his northern home, his going accelerated, perhaps, by the information that Dr. Hayward only waited an opportunity to bestow a public chastisement upon the vilifier of his sister.

All was doubt, suspense, and trouble. A visible coldness grew up between the Elwoods and the Haywards. The life-long confidence of Anna and her mother in Adela wavered, and, like Crampton, they demanded proof, Mrs. Elwood being swayed by her daughter. Dr. Hayward removed his sister to the long-disused home of their infancy, and here another trial met the sorrowful Adela. Her lover, hearing of the public assertions of Sydney Crampton, that the story of the letter was an invention of Miss Hayward's also asked for some proof of the truth of this tale, and added that unless she could furnish it their engagement must be considered at an end, as he could not ally himself to a lady upon whom even the suspicion of a dishonorable act rested.

Even her brother's love could hardly sustain Adela under these accumulated trials. She had great pride, however, and she replied to her lover that if his faith in her did not find her word sufficient, it was indeed time that they should part, and she gave him back his troth.

Saddened and estranged, gloom rested upon both these once united families. Each had his or her separate grief and wrong to lament. But each was too proud to relent, and they might, perhaps, have gone on for life in anger and mutual wrong-doing, but for the death of the arch-worker of mischief.

Sidney Crampton died suddenly. His sister broke the tidings tenderly to Anna, and while the poor girl lay overwhelmed with grief in her darkened chamber, a second letter arrived that worked her cure. Crampton's executor found among his papers a sealed letter addressed to Miss Hayward, and forwarded it according to the direction. For what purpose it had thus been preserved none can ever know, but it served at length its true work of reinstating Adela in the regard of her friends, for the envelope contained that very declaration of love that had worked so much mischief.

There is little more to tell. Adela was speedily reinstated in the love of those to whom she had been her father's most precious charge. Anna's heart was caught in the rebound, and when Dr. Hayward again spoke of love, he did not sue in vain. But Adela's lover was less fortunate. It was long ere she could forgive the wrong he had done her, and she felt that she never could love him and trust him as she had once done. When Anna married she took her place with Mrs. Elwood, and remained single until that good lady died, some years later, when, at the close of her mourning, she bestowed her hand on one every way worthy of her love. Thus the lives of those against whom Sidney Crampton plotted were happy at last, in spite of his treachery and ingratitude.

THE DEACON'S BOYS.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I don't know," said Deacon Tibbetts, shaking his head dubiously. "I try to bring my boys up well, but I can't tell how they'll come out."

This remark was made in the vestry of the church. There had been a meeting of the prudential committee on this week-day evening, and the deacon was chairman of that committee. The business had been done, and part of the committee had gone. Tibbetts had himself started the conversation upon the subject of the morals of the youth of the town, and thus he had been led to speak of his own children.

"You have two boys?" said Solomon Apthorp.

"Yes," replied the deacon, "two that are large enough to run at large."

Apthorp was an old man, past three-score-and-ten, with hair white as snow, and with a frame but little bent by the weight of years. He seemed deeply interested in the subject of conversation, and the more so when Tibbetts made mention of his own children.

"Your boys look to me as though they might be very easy to manage," he said to the deacon.

"Ah," returned Tibbetts, with another shake of the head, "I don't know about that. I try to manage them, but I sometimes feel as though I might as well give it up, and let them pursue their own course. They worry me exceedingly."

"Brother Tibbetts," said the old man, speaking very slowly, "you will pardon me if I give you my honest thoughts."

"Of course I will."

"Then, my brother, I will first tell you that I do sincerely believe that your boys would be better off if left entirely to themselves, than they are likely to be if you pursue your present course of treatment."

Deacon Tibbetts was thunder-struck. But—of course Solomon Apthorp was in jest.

"No, no," said Solomon, with a decisive shake of the head. "I mean just what I say."

"But," urged Tibbetts, "it cannot be possible that you mean it. Where is the man who tries harder to train up his children in the proper way than I do?"

"I know how good your intention is," replied Apthorp, "but be our intentions ever so good, they can effect nothing if we take a false course in attempting to carry them out. I am afraid I shall have to speak more plainly still."

"You certainly will, if you mean to have me understand you," said the deacon, still regarding his aged friend with an incredulous look.

"I declare," pursued Solomon, bending his eyes for a moment to the floor, "I am almost sorry that I allowed myself to open upon this subject. However, it's too late now to back out, so I'll go ahead. And, brother Tibbetts, all I ask is, that you won't blame me for what I say."

"Of course I shall not do that. You are an old man, brother Apthorp, and if you speak sincerely, your ideas must be worthy of consideration."

"I shall speak sincerely," said the old man, and the bright moistening of the eye told how deeply he felt. "I shall speak from experience, too," he continued. "Once I looked upon boys as you now look upon them. I regarded them as so many little bundles of wickedness that had got to be continually watched and hampered. But, Deacon, I have learned better than that. Boys are like the brooks that come leaping down the hillside. If the course of the stream is dangerous to any interest, it may, by careful means, be slightly changed, but there are two things we cannot do: we cannot turn the current back up the hill, and we cannot stop its flow. If we turn the current back, it will flow just as far as we force it, and when our extraneous force is withdrawn, it will tear its way down the hill again. And if we seek to stop its flow, we are equally at fault. We may build a dam as high as the hill itself, and the morning's sun shall find that dam o'erflowed. And so it is with our boys. The current of boyhood will have its flow, and it must flow as its nature impels it. We may lead the course of that current in various ways. We may lead it from rough channels into smooth ones; we may turn it from the bed of quicksand which threatens to absorb it, into the bosom of the green meadow, but we cannot stop it—we cannot turn it back. I am now a childless old man. One of my children—the oldest—was a boy. I will tell you of him, and then you will understand what I mean."

Solomon Apthorp brushed away a tear, and then resumed:

"My boy's name was Richard. He was large for his age; with a strong, healthy constitution; and full of animal spirits. It was his nature to be gay and social; but I thought it my duty to check the flow of his light-heartedness, and I went at the work, I was at that time a deacon of this very church, and my ideas of propriety were very narrow. I feared that my boy would run wild in sin if I did not dam up the current of his disposition. As soon as he was old enough to go to parties I commenced a rigid discipline. It was my intention to fix his moral and religious character. I was particular that he should attend the Sabbath-school, and the prayer-meetings; but I was not willing that he should attend any meetings for simple light amusement. In short, I prohibited him from nearly all the games and festivities of his village mates. Perhaps you can imagine the first result. There was a stern barrier set up between father and son. My boy was really afraid of me. I can see it now, though I did not see it so plainly then—he had no comfort in my presence; when I was with him he felt cowed and subjected; and he crept away from me, so that he might breathe more freely.

"I remember one night—Richard was twelve years old—of being startled by what then appeared to me a most deadly sin. There was to be a little exhibition in the village—a sort of dramatic concern—gotten up by the school-boys; and Richard had been assigned a part in the performance. I regarded the affair as a frivolous thing, calculated to distract the thoughts of children from subjects of more vital importance, and I told my boy he could not go. He begged, and cried, and entreated; but I was unyielding; and finally, upon his showing a touch of temper, I sent him off to bed. That night my boy crept out of his chamber window, and went to his amusement. I discovered it on the following day, and my punishment was severe.

"And so I tried to bring my boy up, checking the tide of his natural emotions, and thinking to form the waters of his life into a calm sea of staid propriety. At the age of eighteen he received an offer of good wages to go away and work in the machine-shop of a large manufacturing establishment; and I could not well refuse to let him go. I fancied that he had learned all the proper lessons of life by heart, and that he would now live agreeably to the rules I had laid down. I gave him a new lot of maxims—repeated all the old ones—warned him of the dangers that might beset his path; and then sent him off.

"My boy was lost! He was like the famishing beast that has reached the cooling spring; he was like a young colt broken loose from the shackles. When he found himself thus master of his own liberty, he didn't know what to do with it. When he found himself surrounded by the thousand-and-one temptations of the outer world, he knew not how to govern himself. The leading-strings were broken. The dam I had built up was quickly overflowed; and, as stone after stone broke from its place, the flood surged over with destroying fury. At the end of a year my boy was in his grave; and as I gazed upon his marble brow, after they had put the cold form into the coffin, I smote myself with the acknowledgment that I had done the fatal work. I looked back and remembered how I had shut up almost every avenue of innocent amusement to him—how I had cramped and dwarfed his growth of healthy animal spirit—and how I had forced upon him such doses of moral and spiritual pabulum that his soul had absoulately sickened at the thought of them. As I remember him in his early boyhood—when his step was free, and his eye beaming brightly—I think he was all that a fond parent could desire. He was true-hearted; bold and generous; tender of feeling; with sympathy and affection; and with all that goes to make up the sum of boyish spirit and activity. When I sought to cramp that spirit, I cramped his very soul; and when I sought to shut up the flow of innocent amusement, I sent the current eating its way under ground, thus undermining the very foundation upon which his life was to be raised. Had another son been mine, I should have pursued a different course; but he was my only boy, and the lesson I learned I can only use for the good of others. I hope you see what I mean, for I have no heart to explain."

When Deacon Tibbetts left the vestry his thoughts were turned into a new channel, and he walked slowly homeward pondering upon what he had heard. He came to the point where the roads branched off, and where stood a little shoe-shop. He heard voices issuing from the place, and upon looking more closely he saw that there was a light within. He drew nearer, for he fancied that he heard the voices of his own boys. He found a crevice in the window-shutter, and upon peeping in he saw his two boys there, with other boys, engaged in playing cards. His first impulse was to burst in upon them, and lead them home by the ears; but the new thoughts came in to oppose him, and he turned silently away; and when he reached his home, he sat down and argued with himself. It was a struggle—a severe conflict between the old ideas and the new—but the spirit of the new finally conquered. In the morning he called his boys into a private room; and when he saw how they trembled, and how their eyes sought to hide themselves, he knew that they feared him, and that he had not their confidence. It was plain to be seen that, under their present feelings, they would lie to shield themselves.

"My children," he said, speaking as kindly as possible, "I was sadly pained last evening. I saw you, in the little shop; and I saw what you were doing."

The boys turned pale as death, and their knees shook beneath them.

"I will not now say anything about the game in which you were engaged, for there is something of more importance than that. You disobeyed your father. That's what gives me the most sorrow."

The boys hung their heads, but did not speak. They were nerving themselves up for a whipping. The deacon could see it—he could see it in the clenching of their fists, and in the gathering of their lips.

"My children," he went on, "I am going to tell you something that may surprise you. I am afraid that I am most to blame in this matter. I think if I had been more willing to trust you; if I had allowed you more opportunities for enjoyment; and if I had joined with you in some of your sports, that you would not now skulk away in the night, and play cards like old gamesters. I have been thinking upon this matter, and I have resolved to turn over a new leaf. I think we have all been wrong in the past; but I hope we can do right for the future. And now, my boys, I'll tell you what I am going to do: In the time to come you shall have every enjoyment which is right and proper. When you want spending-money, if it is for some good purpose, and I can afford it, you shall have it. When you want amusement, you shall have it, if it is proper that it should be granted; and if it is not proper, you shall be told the reason why. In short, I want you to give me your confidence. I want you to trust me. And I will commence by trusting you. If you will try and see how happy you can make yourselves in this way, I will help you all I can. Come—give me your hands.—There—God bless you, and help you, both!"

The boys were melted to sobs and tears. They had prepared themselves for a whipping; but they had not been prepared for this. And yet they were not long in understanding it; and when their eyes were wholly opened, they sank upon their father's bosom, and promised him that they would try and make him happy.

Even that one scene was a new and blessed one to Deacon Tibbetts. It was the first time his boys had ever wept upon his bosom—the first time they had ever dared to cling to him. But it was not the last.

No, no. From that hour the father and children understood each other better, and a victory of peace and blessing was the result.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A MAN'S house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men.

NOT an oath is uttered that does not vibrate through all time in the wide-spreading current of sound; not a prayer is lisped, but its record is stamped on the laws of Nature by the seal of the Almighty's will.

DON'T let your children learn good and bad things indiscriminately. To be sure, the bad might be eradicated in after years, but it is easier to sow clean seed than to cleanse dirty wheat.

WE hear of stealing a kiss. But why should a lady charge a man with stealing what she didn't have till he gave it to her—the gift being the very thing she calls theft.

PACK your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

THE best Christians generally make the best soldiers. A man who has faced the devil successfully will not shrink from a mortal foe.

STAND not in too much awe of opinion. The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.

IN the autumn time it is pleasant to hear the sound of flails on the far-off farms, beating the triumphal march of Ceres through the land.

"I CAN'T undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth." "Oh, sir, that's nothing."

WE ascertain the qualities of a bell by ringing it. A young man had better learn the qualities of a belle before ringing her.

AN eloquent author says, "the broken word comes not back." Ah, but it does sometimes—and with a terrible rebound.

TAKE not too much pride, young ladies, in covering your fingers with rings and your heads with ringlets.

IT may be said of an ugly man, that Nature, when she made him, was so ashamed of her work that she couldn't even put a good face upon the thing.

LAWYERS may be a very sharp set of people at a trade, but it is said that a good many of them make no bar-gains.

A DULL man isn't fit to be buried, for he is half alive; and he isn't fit to be above ground, for he is half dead.

To establish the truth is the best way to defeat error. Fill a bushel measure with wheat, and you may defy anyone to fill it with chaff.

THE full soul is silent. Only the rising and falling tides rush murmuring through their channels.

LOVE is the seraph; and faith and hope are but the wings by which it flies.

THERE is no cannon that can strike more fatally than outraged public sentiment.

"MY son, you must start up from this lethargy." "Would you have me an up-start, father?"

THE good man's life, like the mountain top, looks beautiful because it is near to heaven.

A COQUETTE is equal to a dozen high winds in throwing dust in one's eyes.

SWEETENING one's tea is generally the first stirring event of the day.

SOME folks have so much dirt upon their persons that they might perhaps be profitably cultivated.

SOME people never show the least sign of *spirit* except when they *give up the ghost.*

ALL birds with hooked beaks are ferocious. Men with hooked beaks are generally so too.

HE who improves a garden or farm generally improves himself.

A COVETOUS man does not really possess wealth; it rather possesses him.

VERY few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE keeper of a boarding-house up town, whose furniture was insured at its full value, was arrested the other night for incendiarism, her house and furniture having suddenly taken fire in eight different places, in the parlors, kitchen, dining-room and three bedrooms. She, her daughters, and some of her boarders, nearly lost their lives, the flames having spread so rapidly that they could not get down stairs, but were obliged to go out on the roof through the scuttle, and climb on to an adjoining house, whence they were rescued.

A NUMBER of young men, on a "lark," went into a respectable saloon one evening a short time since, where a beautiful young lady was sitting at a refreshment table with a gentleman; and one of them being dared to kiss the lady by his comrades, walked up to her and gave her a salute upon the cheek before she was aware of his intention, whereupon her companion dealt him such a heavy blow as to knock him senseless, and he had to be carried off in a carriage, as the party did not care to wait for him to recover.

A YOUNG lady attempted to drive a rather skittish span of horses through the Central Park one day a short time since, but being unequal to the task, the horses took things their own way, much to the danger and discomfort of the young lady and everybody else in the vicinity, until one of the Park police stopped them, mounted the driver's seat, took the reins, and drove the team off the grounds.

A GANG of rowdies, numbering about a dozen, one night recently attempted to beat the crew of a schooner lying at a wharf in the East river, and for that purpose went on board the vessel. But the captain, having got some hint of their coming, had his crew prepared to give them such a warm reception with billets of wood, stones and handspikes, that they were soon beaten off and compelled to retreat, carrying away their wounded.

A LITTLE girl, living in Eighth Avenue, while leaning out of the third-story window, one day lately, to see a troop of soldiers that was passing by, lost her balance and fell among the crowd below, striking upon and spoiling the new hat of an old gentleman, and knocking him down, without, strange to say, occasioning serious injury to herself, the old gentleman, or anybody else.

A CLERK in a retail store in Broadway, who had for some time been suspected of purloining goods, was watched by his employer and a detective until, a few days since, the suspicion was verified. On being arrested, the unfortunate young man confessed his crime and the cause thereof, which was an acquaintance with a handsome girl of very expensive habits.

A SERVANT-GIRL, living in a family in East Broadway, was killed a few evenings since by the explosion of a fluid lamp, which she was trying to fill while it was burning. The blazing fluid flying into her eyes, and setting her clothes on fire, burned her in a most dreadful manner, and caused her to shriek so as to fill every hearer with horror.

A PARTY of young gentlemen and ladies went on a sail off from Throgg's Neck one day a short time since, and having no experienced hand among them, and a stiff breeze coming up, the boat was upset, and several of the company came near drowning, but all were at last rescued by a couple of fishermen in another boat.

A WELL-DRESSED young man, about twenty-four years of age, and evidently from the country, was found lying dead by a pile of barrels, in Burling Slip, one morning a short time since. There was no sign of violence on his body, nor was there anything about him whereby his name or residence could be ascertained.

A COUPLE of boys, one ten and the other thirteen years old, were wrestling on the front porch of their father's house in Twelfth street, and happening to fall near the edge, they rolled down a flight of seven stone steps, whereby the youngest was injured so badly that he died in the course of a few hours.

A FEW days since, a man who was working in a new building in Broadway fell from the fourth story to the basement, and was injured so badly that he died instantly. Nearly every bone in his body was either broken or dislocated.

THE other morning a well-dressed, middle-aged woman ran off of the Fulton ferry bridge, on the Brooklyn side, into the slip, just as a boat was coming in, and was rescued from death with much difficulty.

ONE day recently a sail boat, in which there were an intoxicated German and two other casks of beer, was upset near Greenpoint, and the man was drowned. The two casks of beer were rescued.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Cause of the Enormous and Unparalleled Circulation of the Ledger.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

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THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

Under the above title, we shall commence the publication of a new story by Colonel Walter B. Dunlap, in the next number of the Ledger. "The Hunted Life" is one of the most singular as well as one of the most intensely interesting stories that we have ever read. The wild scenes of adventure with which it abounds are tempered by a vein of love and sorrow running through it, such as none but a writer of genius could create and develop, and which gives the whole narrative an air and tone of romantic interest that is perfectly irresistible.

CIVIL INTERFERENCE.

If Alexander's plans had been forestalled by lightning telegrams, and his movements controlled by newspapers, it is pretty certain that the little wry-necked hero would not have conquered the world. The multitudinous kings of Asia, thoroughly posted in relation to the number of his forces, his line of march, the *when*, and *where*, and *how* he intended to strike, would have laid their royal heads together, and, by a combined movement, have given his famous phalanxes the *coup de grace*. But the distinguished Macedonian had everything his own way. Maps of his routes and plans of his campaigns were not distributed broadcast among his enemies, civilians did not dictate to him in military matters, the politicians of Macedon let him alone. His foes knew nothing of his whereabouts or his intentions until they *saw* him and *felt* him, and thus, unbetrayed and untrammeled, he went on conquering and to conquer, until, having no more work to do, he dropt his laurelled sword, and slept the sleep of death in Upper Egypt.

Had he been in Washington instead of Macedon, and lived in an age of telegraphs, railroads, daily papers, omniscient editors, and political ax-grinders; had he, in short, been commander-in-chief of a great republican army, in the enlightened Nineteenth Century, the probability is that our antique and illustrious friend Alec. would have cut a much poorer figure than some of our generals have done. If the latter, like the world-conquerer, had been unpestered by politicians, the war in which we are now engaged might by this time perhaps have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Modern improvements have their drawbacks. Newspapers are in the highest degree useful when discreetly managed, and the electric wires invaluable in judicious hands; but a babbling, officious press, and a misguided telegraph system, may do infinite mischief to a good cause, especially in time of war. They may be so used as to be of more advantage to an enemy than all his spies. That the evil is done with the best intentions does not justify the offenders; they ought to know that Tophet is paved with such commodities, and be careful not to furnish material from which Satan can derive benefit.

THE EYES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Those who know little see little. To the man who cannot read, this paper is a blank. In exact proportion as our stock of information increases the sphere of our mental vision is enlarged. Knowledge furnishes eyes to our understanding, and endows them with clearness, precision and magnific power. To the ignorant man the stars are mere specks of light, rather more ornamental he thinks, perhaps, than his tin lantern, but not half so useful as a guide to his footsteps through the night. To the astronomer they are worlds and congeries of worlds, moving through space in obedience to immutable laws, fulfilling in their shining march purposes at which even his educated intellect can only guess, and, seeing them with the eyes of science, he wonders and adores. Botany, chemistry, every branch of natural philosophy gives us a deeper, truer insight into the mysteries by which we are surrounded. We cannot even understand our own mechanism without the aid of physical science. It has been said that the more men know, the more profound and general their knowledge—the more they are disposed to skepticism in religious matters. The assertion is false. Men of the deepest research are usually the firmest believers in revelation. There are and have been undevout philosophers, but the few exceptions do not militate against the rule. *The greatest* lights of modern learning and science have been sincere Christians. See how research confirms Scripture history. Layard, the great archæologist, has found recorded upon disinterred monuments of ancient Egypt the very facts in relation to the wars of Judea, chronicled in the Bible. On the crumbling fragments of the walls of Nineveh he discovered the name of the prophet Jonah, and he has rendered into English from the characters on the tombs and monuments of oriental kings, memoranda of their victories and defeats and progresses, which tally precisely with the statements of Holy Writ. But for the wonderful eyes supplied by scientific research, these physical confirmations of the truth of divine history would never have been disclosed.

PROGRESS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

"Hardly a day passes," wrote a distinguished philanthropist, as he drew near the close of life, "without spreading and strengthening my sympathies with the mass of men, the poor and the forsaken." We have in this an example of progress in the right direction. Men are apt to grow selfish and unsympathizing as they grow old.

The young man sets out on life's journey with generous and flowing sympathies. He has but little regard for the factitious distinctions which exist among men. He is interested in men as men. His sympathies naturally flow towards the poor and the forsaken. He puts forth efforts, and makes sacrifices for their benefit. Those efforts may not be successful. The failure may be owing to the stupidity or perverseness of those for whom they were made. Those sacrifices may not be appreciated.

The effect may be to chill those sympathies, and to discourage benevolent effort. It should not be so. We should be on our guard against such an effect. Our sympathies are due to the poor and the forsaken, and the more if they have fallen so low as to be unable to appreciate our efforts, and to exercise gratitude. We should pity them because they need pity; we should help them because they need help, and not that we may reap a harvest of praise and of gratitude.

We must not expect from them that quick appreciation of motive and that confidence which we might expect from those of higher culture and happier experiences. Consider what lessons they have received! How often have they been treated unkindly! How often have they been deceived! With what unfavorable influences are they surrounded!

THE CRUSHED FLOWER.

A rare and beautiful flower was blooming in a garden. One morning it was found crushed and despoiled of its beauty. All the members of the family grieved over the ruin of their favorite flower. Who did it? was the inquiry.

There are fairer flowers than that cactus crushed and destroyed daily in the garden of life. There is a maiden on whom the affection of many hearts was lavished. Parents, brothers, sisters, friends gave her the warmest place in their hearts. She seemed duly to value the wealth of affection thus bestowed upon her. She seemed to live only for those she loved.

She is now vain, worldly, fashionable, heartless. Who made her so? Thoughtless men, who amused themselves by awakening in her bosom feelings of vanity, and by cherishing those feelings—who, by an assiduous course of flattery and folly, taught her to prize admiration more than affection, and to aim at display rather than excellence.

There is a young man who left his home in the country with an innocent heart. A good opening was secured for him in consequence of his good character and guileless bearing. He won the confidence of his employers, and of all who knew him. He was a son of whom his parents were justly proud. How they loved to talk about him to their rustic neighbors!

But they have for some time ceased to speak of him as they were wont. Brief and constrained replies are made to inquiries respecting him. Alas! he has forsaken the guide of his youth, and forgotten the covenant of his God. He has lost the confidence of his employers. His sunken cheeks and bloodshot eyes tell of late hours and strong drink. He is a ruined man.

Who wrought that ruin? The young lady who laughed at his scruples respecting the wine-cup, who gratified her vanity by inducing him to violate his promise to his parents to abstain from intoxicating drinks—the young man who, with much difficulty, induced him to go on an excursion for pleasure on the Sabbath—the professor of religion who advised him to perform an act of dishonesty—they wrought the ruin.

Men will be careful to avoid crushing a flower or mutilating a statue, who will not be careful to avoid obliterating the image of God from the souls of men.

WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

In war, as in peace, men do most of the sinning, and women most of the suffering. Long marches, with the mercury standing at ninety in the shade, are painful, but they are alleviated by company and excitement. Women sit solitary at home, enduring the pangs of suspense. Wounds are sharp and burning, but they cut deeper into the hearts of wives and sisters than into the flesh of soldiers. The bullet that lets out the soul of a brave man fighting for his country, harms him not, but how it blasts the life of the woman that loves him. His is a short and glorious anguish. Hers is a long, long, life-long misery—a dull, eventless, unchangeable tedium of woe. We have marked them, those wives and mothers, as the regiments marched down Broadway to the steamboat. Some stand, pale and silent, in a horrible ecstacy of grief and apprehension. Others, timid and retiring on ordinary occasions, are made bold by this novel and enormous sorrow; they talk to strangers, loud and fast, recounting the story of their son's hasty departure, and seeming totally unconscious of the presence of others. And when the bad news comes, who suffers as she does who waits a week to learn whether she is the wife or the widow of a hero? or as she does who hears that her son lies wounded and a prisoner where she cannot go to him? The glory, the variety, the wild delights of war are enjoyed by men. The real sufferers are women.

A "LIBERATING FATHER."

There is something patriarchal about Russian absolutism. The emperor is addressed as "father," and the empress as "mother," by the people. When the Czar visited Moscow, in June last, he was received with boundless enthusiasm, in consequence of having enforced the decree for the emancipation of the serfs in spite of the opposition of many of the powerful *boyards* or nobles. On that occasion the serfs of the factories, who were about to taste the sweets of Liberty, presented to him, on a golden salver, bread and salt—the Sclavonic emblems of gratitude and good will—accompanying the ceremony with the following simple and earnest address:

"*Gracious Sovereign and Liberating Father*:—We thank thee for thy signal benefits to us, for the liberty thou hast bestowed upon us. Night and day we pray for thee; our wives, our children, our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren will pray for thee. May the God of mercy preserve thee, and give thee strength and firmness to achieve thy loving work, so that all thy children and subjects confided to thee by God may bless thy name in future generations, even as we now bless the name of our liberating Father."

"Liberating Father" is good, and Alexander II. seems to have fairly earned the name. The address was delivered by a venerable bondman seventy years of age, and when he had finished, the deputation of serfs requested an interview with their "liberating mother," the empress, who came forth and greeted them as freemen.

STATE MILITARY SCHOOLS.

The State of Pennsylvania is setting an example that is likely to be followed by other States. She is considering the propriety of founding a State Military School, on a plan similar to that of West Point, for the purpose of training young officers for the service of the United States. There is a general impression throughout the country that, for some time to come, perhaps a century, the United States will enjoy peace only by being, at every moment, prepared for war. Fighting and learning to fight are probably to become leading branches of our national industry. It is, therefore, a matter of great importance to decide upon the best mode of effecting this change in our national habits.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR PAUL.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

History contains the record of no monarch more eccentric than the emperor Paul of Russia. Whenever he appeared in public every man, woman and child, within sight of the royal cortege, was compelled to kneel, whether in mud or snow, until the cortege had passed. No rank was excepted from the degrading homage. Ladies in carriages were compelled to alight and kneel, wherever they chanced to be, until the emperor disappeared from sight. A young lady, who once neglected to throw herself quick enough upon her knees at the appearance of the imperial carriage in the streets of Moscow, was imprisoned for a month, and fed upon bread and water. She was an orphan and resided with an aunt. The aunt was compelled to share her imprisonment, for not having better instructed her niece.

Among innumerable other freaks of this half-crazed monarch, it is recorded that he ordered his favorite horse to be court-martialed for the offence of tripping one day beneath his imperial rider. A council was convened of the equerries of the palace. The trial was conducted with the most solemn formalities, and the noble charger, proved guilty of the crime, was sentenced to receive fifty blows from a heavy whip. The emperor stood by to witness the infliction of the punishment and counted off the blows.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Paul was fearfully alarmed lest those principles of republican equality should penetrate his benighted realms. No French journal or pamphlet was permitted to enter the kingdom. Every Frenchman was ordered to leave the country, and no Russian was allowed to go abroad but upon express permission of the emperor. He sent an army of one hundred thousand men, under the renowned Suwarrow, to co-operate with the allies in their warfare against France. The emigrant Count of Provence, brother of Louis XVI., and who subsequently became Louis XVIII., was received by Paul into a voluptuous asylum at Miltau, and the emperor settled upon him an annuity of $150,000.

But gradually his feelings seemed to change. He declared himself thoroughly disgusted with the selfishness which he said was manifested by both England and Austria. "They are clearly," said he, "not fighting for any principle, but merely to secure their own aggrandizement." He was loud and angry in his reproaches, even grossly insulting the ambassadors of the allied powers at St. Petersburg. Though he did not openly withdraw from the coalition, his zeal had greatly abated.

Just at this time Napoleon returned from Egypt, and, as First Consul, was invested with the supreme power in France. The allies had taken many French prisoners. But France, on the other hand, had ten thousand Russian prisoners, taken in various conflicts with the allies. Napoleon proposed an exchange, but England refused to exchange Frenchmen for Russians. Napoleon exclaimed indignantly, in tones which reverberated throughout Europe:

"What! do you refuse to liberate the Russians, who were your allies, who were fighting in your ranks and under your commanders. Do you refuse to restore to their country those men, to whom you are indebted for your victories and conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of prisoners whom they have taken! Such injustice excites my indignation. I will restore them to the czar without exchange. He shall see how I esteem brave men."

The prisoners were all assembled by Napoleon, at Aix la Chapelle, were furnished with new suits of clothing in the uniform of their own regiments, and supplied with the finest arms the manufactories of France could produce. Thus splendidly clothed and equipped, and supplied abundantly with all comforts, they were sent home to Russia. This act of policy or magnanimity, however it may be regarded, touched the sensitive heart of Paul. Immediately he withdrew both fleet and army from the coalition, and renouncing all further co-operation with them, became the enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. With his own hand he thus wrote to him:

"Citizen First Consul—I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or of citizens. Every country governs itself as it pleases. Whenever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted towards him. I wish to acquaint you with my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and her interest. I wish to unite with you to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government."

The most friendly relations were immediately established between France and Russia, and ambassadors were exchanged. But the Russian nobles, sympathizing fully with the emigrant nobles of France, and with the aristocracy of the rest of Europe, were quite dissatisfied with this alliance. Though France had adopted the consular form of government, the principles of popular equality introduced by the revolution remained unchanged; and the nobles foresaw that these principles, unarrested, would pervade all Europe, undermining everywhere the foundations of aristocratic privilege. They consequently conspired for the dethronement of the Emperor, that they might place upon the throne his son Alexander, whose sympathies were strongly with the aristocracy.

The Empress Sophia and her three sons, Alexander, Constantine and Nicholas, consented to this conspiracy, but with the express condition that the life of the Emperor should be spared—a condition which the conspirators knew could not safely be fulfilled. Nearly all the nobles, the entire Senate, and most of the diplomatic corps were involved in the plot. The hour for its execution was appointed at midnight on the 23rd of March, 1801.

A regiment of soldiers, who would be faithful to the conspirators, was appointed for that night as a guard over the palace. The conspirators met at the house of Prince Talitzin, and, for a couple of hours, with abundance of wine, nerved themselves for their murderous enterprise. As the clock on the tower of the Kremlin was tolling the hour of twelve, the conspirators entered the garden of the palace by a private gate, and creeping along beneath the shade of the shrubbery, found admission at a door which a confederate had left unbarred. Through the dimly-lighted corridor they stole along until they reached an apartment adjoining that occupied by the monarch. For a moment they conferred together, and then approached the chamber of the Emperor.

The armed sentinel at the door was instantly cut down, and the conspirators rushed into the royal chamber. Paul sprang from his bed and endeavored to escape by another door. He was, however, speedily seized, and by the light of the dark lanterns which the assassins bore, an act of abdication was read to him, which he was required to sign. The intrepid monarch listened for a moment to the document, until he understood its purport, and then sprang at Zoubow, who was reading it, and cuffed his ears. A struggle ensued, when an officer's sash was passed around the neck of the monarch, and, after a desperate conflict, he was strangled.

The younger son, Nicholas, was absent, but Alexander, who was then twenty-three years of age, and his brother Constantine, were in the room below, listening to the noise of the struggle, and professing to believe that the only object of the conspirators was to compel their father to sign an act of abdication. The assassins, having accomplished their purpose, descended into the room occupied by the princes. Alexander eagerly inquired if they had saved his father's life. The only answer was silence, which plainly told the melancholy tale. Both of the princes seemed to be overwhelmed with remorse.

"I shall be accused," said Alexander, bitterly, "of being the assassin of my father. You promised me not to attempt his life. I am the most unhappy man in the world."

The dead body was placed upon a table, and an English physician, by the name of Wylie, arranged the features so as to give confirmation to the report, which was circulated throughout the capital and the empire, that Paul had died of apoplexy. The judgment of the world has ever been divided respecting Alexander's complicity in this murder. It can hardly be probable that he was ignorant that the death of his father was the inevitable result of the conspiracy, and he certainly did not punish any of the conspirators; but, on the contrary, rewarded them richly. Immediately ascending the throne, he filled all the most important offices of State with those nobles whose hands were imbued with his father's blood. A lady in St. Petersburg wrote to Fouché, in Paris, on the ceremony of the coronation:

"The young emperor walked, preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, followed by those of his father, and surrounded by his own."

"Behold," said Fouché, "a woman who speaks Tacitus."

The death of Paul was a terrible disappointment to Napoleon, and an unspeakable calamity to republican France. It immediately turned the whole army and navy of Russia over into the hands of the coalition. When subsequently the emperor Alexander sent a remonstrance to Napoleon for the execution of the duke d'Enghein, the bitter retort was sent back:

"France has acted as Russia, under similar circumstances, would have done; for had she been informed that the assassins of Paul were assembled at a day's march from her frontiers, would she not, at all hazards, have seized upon them there."

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said of Paul: "At first he was strongly prejudiced against the revolution, and every person concerned in it; but afterwards I had rendered him reasonable, and had changed his opinions altogether. If Paul had lived the English would have lost India before now. An agreement was made between Paul and myself to invade it. I furnished the plan. I was to have sent thirty thousand good troops. He was to send a similar number of the best Russian soldiers and forty thousand Cossacks. I was to subscribe ten millions for the purchase of camels and other requisites for crossing the desert. The king of Prussia was to have been applied to by both of us to grant a passage for my troops through his dominions, which would have been immediately granted. I had, at the same time, made a demand to the king of Persia for a passage through his country, which would also have been granted, although negotiations were not entirely concluded, but would have succeeded, as the Persians were desirous of profiting by it themselves."

IMPORTED SLANG.

America is indebted to the old world for nearly all its verbal vulgarisms and cant phrases. They are not Americanisms but Europeanisms. What is called the "nasal drawl" of Yankee land, for example, is a gift from Norfolk and Suffolk, England, where they say *eend* for end, *keow* for cow, *eout* for out, just as some folk do in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

The old Dutch settlers have supplied us with a good many queer words. For example, "cooky" is a modification of *koekje*, a little cake; "kruller" is from the Dutch verb *krullen*, to curl; "speck and appeljees" is a slight modification of *spek en appeltjes*, the name for fried pork and apples among the Hollanders; and "boss" is an improvement on the Dutch word *baas*, employer.

To the Mexicans we owe several outlandish phrases, such as *stampede*, *chaparral*, *ranch*, *vamose*, &c.—the last being an adaptation of the Spanish verb *vamos*—literally, "let us go."

But the "mother country" has furnished nine-tenths of the contents of our slang vocabulary. To her we are indebted for such lingual delicacies as "larrup," "mizzle," "let up," "let on," "yourn," "hern," and "theirn." "Shes'n" is also used in some parts of England, but we have not as yet imported that symbol of feminine ownership.

"Bogus" is another Anglicism. It is, we believe, the vulgate for "Borghese," the name of a forger who "operated" somewhat extensively across the water about twenty-five years ago. He passed false tokens and counterfeit bills to the amount of many thousands of dollars, and hence the term "bogus" is applied to whatever is false and fraudulent.

Upon the whole, it will be as well for our Anglo-Saxon cousins to stop jeering at Americanisms. Vulgarisms, like chickens, are apt to go home to roost, and nine-tenths of ours were hatched on the other side of the Atlantic. The worst that can be said of us is, that being of a liberal and benevolent turn of mind, we have naturalized some of the *slang* of Europe as well as millions of its citizens.

DISCARDED REMEDIES.

Late scientific discoveries have thrown into the shade many curatives that were in great favor with our grandmothers. But it does not, therefore, follow that these "old woman's remedies," as they are sometimes contemptuously called, were valueless in their day. On the contrary, from some of the superseded substances formerly used in their crude state, in the treatment of diseases, chemistry now derives the most potent specifics employed in medical practice. Infusions of Peruvian bark are out of date, but its sublimate, in the form of quinine, is considered an invaluable tonic. From foxglove and henbane, cautiously used by the "old crones" of a former age, in the concoction of sleeping potions, are obtained the two powerful nervines and narcotics known as digitalis and hyoscyamus. Thirty years ago burnt sponge was prescribed for scrofulous swellings of the neck, and other glandular disorders of a like nature. No physician would think of ordering it now. And why? Not because it is a relic of quackery, but because its essential medicinal principle, iodine, is obtainable in a pure form from sea-weed, and answers the desired end much better than sponge-tinder.

Although there was much humbug and jugglery in the medical treatment of days gone by, there was, nevertheless, considerable virtue in many of the articles administered as remedies by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. In fact, among those substances are to be found the bases of the best medicinal preparations introduced during the present century. We are, therefore, more indebted to the doctors and doctresses of the olden time than the lights of modern science are generally willing to admit.

SOLDIERLY QUALITIES.

It is the general impression that reckless dare-devils make the best soldiers; but, like a good many other general impressions, it is fallacious. Your furious fire-eaters—your rollicking boys, that would "rather fight than eat"—are rarely steady and self-possessed, and without steadiness and self-possession no man can be a thorough soldier. The Cavaliers who were scattered like chaff at Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Stow-on-the-Wold, were fiery to the last degree. They boasted of their aristocratic blood—they drank hard, swore hard, fought hard; but they were no match for Cromwell's psalm-singing Ironsides, whom they affected to ridicule as "crop-eared fanatics," and "base-born knaves." In every fair field, where numbers were equal, the plebeians soberly thrashed the gentlemen riders of the Prince Rupert stripe to their hearts' content. Nor were the "Roundheads," as the ringletted cavalry of the Stuarts called their short-haired antagonists, by any means deficient in enthusiasm; but it was of a different kind from that of the high-blooded cavaliers. The foes of King craft believed they were the chosen instruments of God, and went forth to battle sternly zealous to do what they conceived to be His work. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" was their cry; and, though animated by the pride of caste, and stimulated by potations pottle deep of sack and canary, the chivalry of the Stuarts rolled in the dust before them. The courage of the tyrant-hating Puritans was sustained and rendered invincible by their conviction of the righteousness of their cause, and an unwavering trust in the Almighty; and with such odds on their side it is no wonder that they gave dare-devilism its *coup de grace* and established the Commonwealth. In all similar contests the ultimate result will be the same.

PAINTING FOR ETERNITY.

A celebrated painter in reply to the question why he spent so much time upon his work, said, "I paint for eternity," meaning, that he was engaged on a work that was to attract the admiration of ages.

Care is usually bestowed upon a work by a wise man, in proportion to the length of time it is designed to endure. The bridge that is thrown across a stream for a temporary crossing, receives but little care, but the bridge which, like that across the straits of Menai, is designed to stand for centuries, taxes to the utmost the solicitude and skill of the constructor.

Every man has a character to form. On that character depends his success and happiness in life. His real influence will be as his character. Men may flatter and cringe before the millionaire and the man of office, but they will respect and honor him who has a noble character.

Character is formed not merely for life, but for eternity. Every voluntary act, every impression passively yielded to, tends to the formation of character. Every day is the young man giving form and pressure to his character, and that character is to endure forever. When formed and consolidated by habit, it will remain unchanged. The dissolution of the body will have no effect upon it.

Since then the work of forming the character is an important and lasting work, it should receive the utmost care. If the painter can bestow the most elaborate care on a picture, which, however perfect it may be, must one day fade; if the sculptor can toil for years in giving form to the silent marble, which, though it may receive the admiration of ages, must one day crumble, much more should we bestow the most elaborate care in giving form to the immortal mind.

A COMING COLLAPSE.

Hoops are doomed on the other side of the Atlantic. Queen Victoria has denounced them, and the ladies of her court, in convention assembled, have decreed their abolishment. The Empress Eugenie, under whose patronage they have blossomed to their present "huge circumference," has also, it is said, assented to their downfall, and so they will soon be accounted as among the things lost on earth by the fashionable world of Europe.

How will it be here? Ladies, the American man looks to you tristfully. He asks, in pathetic accents, for *more room*—room for his lower limbs, and exemption from the entangling alliances now so frequent in the 'bus and the car. He petitions for an opportunity once more to pursue a straightforward course through the great thoroughfares, instead of describing semicircles, tangents, and various other unpleasant geometrical figures, in his progress (if progress it may be called) to and from his business. Beautiful balloons, will you not collapse? or, at least, as retrenchment is the order of the day, may it please you to *retrench?* Give up half your steel to be beaten into bayonets, even as you have given all your frayed handkerchiefs to be scraped into lint.

The Queen of England puts her enmity to hooped skirts on the ground of fire. Several Englishwomen have been burned to death, like Druids in their sacrificial cages of wicker-work, in consequence of the accidental kindling of their crinoline. For your own sakes, then, ladies, as well as out of compassion for man, become "small by degrees and beautifully less," until your parachute proportions shall have been diminished at least to the size of an umbrella.

LABORERS WANTED IN THE WEST.

Laborers are wanted in the great agricultural States of the West. With us they are in excess of the demand. It is manifest, therefore, that if our superabundance of bone and sinew were transferred to the region beyond the Alleghanies, it would be the right thing in the right place. The western farmers would be accommodated, the emigrants from our overstocked labor-market would be benefited, and society here would be relieved in part from the heavy burden of pauperism now imposed upon it, and which threatens to become a tremendous tax upon public and private charity during the coming winter.

It is certainly and socially wrong that men should be starving, or living upon charity here, who could readily earn from $1 50 to $2 00 a day in Illinois or Indiana, and we commend the fact that thousands of industrious men in these parts would be glad to do the hardest work on a farm for less compensation, to the attention of the multitudinous readers of the Ledger in the great producing States of the West.

TRUTH OR FICTION?

We should not like to compute the cases in which "I can't" really means I *won't*; in which inability is made the convenient cover for temper, and pride, and mulish obstinacy. The truth is, if we *spoke* as we *thought*—if language was used as an exponent, instead of as a disguise of our real feeling, what a scattering would take place in the dove-cotes of society! How many dear friends, who are to-day shaking hands, would in that case be slapping one another's faces! For our own part, after we had made our way through the smoke of battle, we think we should vastly fancy reaching the Palace of Truth. The question occurs to us, however, *could* we make our way through it, and come out alive?

Fanny Fern.

AT SEA.

BY ALICE CARY.

Brown-faced sailor, tell me true—
Our ship I fear is but illy thriving,
Some clouds are black and some are blue,
The women are huddled together below,
Above the captain treads to and fro;
Tell me, for who shall tell but you,
Whither away our ship is driving!

The wind is blowing a storm this way,
The bubbles in my face are winking—
'Tis growing dark in the middle of day,
And I cannot see the good green land,
Nor a ridge of rock, nor a belt of sand;
O, kind sailor, speak and say,
How long might a little boat be sinking?

More saucily the bubbles wink;
God's mercy keep us from foul weather,
And from drought with nothing but brine to drink.
I dreamed of a ship with her ribs stove in,
Last night, and waking thought of my sin;
How long would a strong man swim, d'y' think,
If we were all in th' sea together?

The sailor frowned a bitter frown,
And answered, "ay, there will be foul weather—
All men must die, and some must drown,
And there isn't water enough in the sea
To cleanse a sinner like you or me;
O Lord, the ships I've seen go down,
Crew and captain and all together!"

The sailor smiled a smile of cheer,
And looked at me a look of wonder,
And said, as he wiped away a tear,
"Forty years I've been off the land
And God has held me safe in his hand;
He ruleth the storm—he is with us here,
And his love for us no sin can sunder."

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIAD CRUSHED.

Fiercely the blood-hounds followed in the track of the fugitives, never losing it, but clinging to it through bank, bush and briar, through field and meadow, through forest and grove—over hill and dale, and windings and turnings.

Fiercely, too, and tirelessly, the band of pursuers followed after, now watching eagerly for signs of their enemies, anon joining in a fierce chorus of shouts with the deep bay of the blood-hounds.

The pursuit was long and wearisome. It was not on the common road, but in the most lonely places, and through the most untrodden wilds. Yet they saw that through the whole distance there was a path, well defined to their experienced eyes, although to superficial observers nothing might have been apparent.

"It is an Indian trail," said one of the band.

"Aye, and do you know what trail it is?" cried Harry.

"No."

"It is the Triad's!"

"The Triad's!" The word was passed from mouth to mouth. None was there but what had heard of the atrocities of this hated band—none who had not longed to take a part in pursuing them to their lurking places, wherever they were.

"The Triad!" said one. "I have made a vow, as soon as I could find any to join me, to pursue these miscreants even if it were to the world's end!"

"And I, too!" "And I!" cried several others.

"The time has come," said Temple. "We will crush them!"

"Remember Poole!" cried Uly, in a kind of frenzy. "Remember Poole when you meet these fiends!"

"Aye, and his poor mother, too," said one of the men.

"What has become of her?"

"She disappeared at the time of his death, and has not been heard of since."

"Nobody knows—every one wonders."

"Some say she was killed with him."

"No she wasn't, for I saw her that night myself."

"Some say that she drowned herself in her sorrow."

"That's more likely, but I have understood that she left the country."

All this time they kept on their way. Uly seemed to be incapable of fatigue. The men wondered at the vigor that seemed to lurk in that attenuated frame. She kept up with the rest of them in their swift pace, and never showed any signs of weariness.

At last the trail entered a narrow gorge in the Highlands. It wound along, with rocky precipices on either side, and the place where they walked showed signs of having been the bed of a brook. Sounds now arose in the distance.

They were human voices.

In silence the avenging band hurried on.

At last they rushed abruptly into an open space. With a loud, long, piercing yell, the fierce blood-hounds darted forward, and the whole band sprang, in a kind of frenzy, after them.

It was a singular place and scene. Around them rose rocky walls encircling a space which was covered with rich and thick turf. From the edges of the precipices trees and shrubbery overhung like a fringe, and wild, creeping plants grew up against the rocky wall. Upon the opposite side of the enclosure was an opening, through which the same brook which ran in the now dried up channel had formerly forced its way, to fall into the Hudson below.

In this place were some Indian camps constructed of bark, and a fire blazed up in the centre of the place. Around it were a number of Indians, decorated with war paint, who lay listlessly upon the grass, unsuspicious of danger; while on a fallen tree on the opposite side a man was seated, with his chin resting on his hand, and his face displaying the well known features of Gondo.

They had come thus far, and were all unconscious of danger, and unsuspicious of pursuit. They were resting from warlike toil, and dreaming of peace and idleness. They were sunk in that intense listlessness that in a savage life always succeeds intense activity.

At the bay of the blood-hounds they started to their feet with a yell of fear.

In a moment all was wild confusion. Gondo sprang forward, and snatching up his arms, his voice rang out in terrible tones, as he rallied his warriors around him. Obedient to the call of their chief, they fell back and caught up their arms from every side.

But there was not a moment's pause.

The blood-hounds were upon them. The huge brutes threw themselves into the dense mass of Indians and tore them down to the ground by the throat. Before they could load their guns, a volley was poured in upon them from the deadly rifles of Temple's men which told with fearful effect.

There was no chance, here for the wiles of savage war, no rock or tree behind which to hide—all was open and exposed. The foemen were face to face in the open field.

The Indians returned a hurried fire, which did but little injury. But then the fighting came to close quarters. With a loud call, Temple rushed forward, followed closely by all his men. They raised their clubbed rifles in the air, and dashed them down right and left upon the heads of the enemy.

Temple singled out Gondo at once, and pressed forward to attack him. The other was not slow to respond, but animated by equal hate prepared to receive the assault. They met and exchanged blows, their rifles crashed together, and the stocks snapped at the stroke. With a wild cry Gondo sprang upon Temple.

Harry caught him in his arms about the waist, while Gondo twined his arms around Harry, and for a moment they paused preparing for the final struggle. At last, with one superhuman effort, Harry put forth his utmost strength. He lifted Gondo from the ground, dashed him downward with fearful violence, and fell upon him.

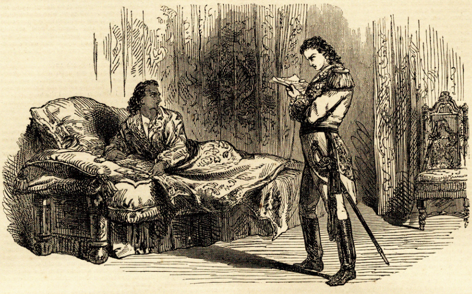
At the very first, Uly had rushed forward into the different camps. At length, with a loud cry of joy, she saw in one of them the almost unconscious form of Clara.

Bound with cords and gagged, the poor girl lay overcome with pain, fear, and fatigue, not knowing what this new tumult might be, and longing for death to come and ease her sufferings. But the sight of Uly brought hope, and in the rage without she heard Temple's voice, and knew that she was saved.

The fight was furious and deadly. The first assault had lessened the numbers of the Indians, so that they now fought almost man to man. But before those brawny white men the Indians could not hope to stand.

One by one they sank before their conquerors—and the fierce blood-hounds still kept on their work.

Temple held Gondo firmly in his arms, while the wretched man was mad with rage and pain. Gradually Harry loosened his hold, and felt for his knife. At that moment Gondo exerted all his strength, and with a sudden effort threw him off. As he sprang away Harry struck at him with his knife, and gave him a terrible wound. But Gondo leaped away. He reached the opening. He climbed over and disappeared. Harry looked over wondering. He could see nothing—nothing but the black waters of the river that flowed deeply and darkly beneath.



A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

The victory was decisive. Of all the savages only two or three escaped. Shut in, as they were, in that inclosure, flight was impossible, and they died hopelessly.

It was the end of the "Triad."

The meeting between Harry and Clara was an affecting one, half joyous and half painful, for she was weak and suffering, and sore from bruises. With much difficulty she told the story of her capture.

"At ten," said she, "last evening, a knock came at the door. Some one was there who wished to speak with me. I went at once. It was very dark, and I only saw the outline of a man. I heard him say:

"'He's come—he's come—quick!'

"'Who has come?' I asked.

"'Captain Temple. He's down there. Hurrah!'

"I was so filled with joy that I did not stop to think. The idea that you were there was enough. Washington had promised to deliver you, and I thought he had done it. In eager delight I rushed down, just as I was, to the gateway.

"Immediately I found myself seized. Before I could utter a cry I was gagged, and my arms were tightly pinioned In this way I was carried off. Almost insensible from pain and fear, I did not know where they were carrying me. I could not think. Pain and fright seemed to benumb all my faculties.

"As soon as we reached this place, I was thrown rudely down and left here. The Indians gave themselves no further trouble about me. Gondo came to me this morning, and made a proposal which he has several times made before, but I repulsed him with as much spirit as ever. He then said that I should remain gagged and bound without food or drink till I acceded to his proposals. So I made up my mind to die, for I never dreamed of rescue.

"Nor did the Indians. All of them sought rest. There was no watch or guard. They have been as you saw them when you came."

This brief narrative left Clara exhausted. They bathed her chafed and swollen hands, and gave her what cordials they possessed. Then they made a litter for her, and carried her home.

They sent a messenger to New York, informing her father of his daughter's condition, and urging him to come. A pass was sent him which ensured him safety.

Old Wells, in spite of his selfishness, loved his daughter better than any other human being, and as well as it was possible for a man of his nature to love any one. On this occasion, finding that he had a pass, he came at once.

He was much moved at the sight of Clara. Yet under the tender care of Uly she was recovering rapidly. Uly had resumed her old kindly ways, and was silent on the subject of her recent adventures

Old Wells often looked at her with the same expression that he formerly showed, but seemed puzzled. He was evidently afraid of her, however.

One day Clara pressed her very much to tell where she had been during her recent journey. Uly looked earnestly at her.

"Child," said she at last, "you are strong enough to bear it now I will reveal it. Wait." She left the room. Clara looked astonished, her father frightened.

In a little while a person entered.

Clara uttered a wondering cry.

It seemed indeed to be Uly, but Uly transformed.

Her face was no longer brown and dusky, but fair and white; her hair was no longer coarse and gray, but fine and brown. Her form was thin, but erect, and her menial manner was thrown aside.

Old Wells staggered back and clasped his hands together.

"Child," said Uly, no longer drawling her words, but speaking in her own musical voice, whose tones were tremulous with affection, "do you know who I am? Do you want to know? Ask your father."

"Can the grave give up its dead?" faltered Wells, in a hollow voice.

"Who am ?" asked Uly.

"The image of her whom I once called wife," said Wells, shuddering.

"Child," said Uly, sitting by Clara and taking her hand, "listen, but oh, be strong! I have yearned so long to tell you, I can wait no longer. I am your mother—your mother—my darling, my precious child."

She caught Clara in her arms and covered her with kisses. She pressed her to her heart as a mother presses her babe. Clara sat in wonder, with tears in her eyes, and a smile of happiness on her lips.

Her father uttered a deep groan. and sank into a chair.

"He once loved me, Clara," said Uly, pointing to Wells; "I once loved him, and so we were married.

"You were our firstborn. But you came into the world in sorrow and amid trouble Already he had grown weary of me, and neglected me for others. I was outraged, indignant, furious. I stormed and threatened. He returned my rage—our quarrels became terrible.

"Once we were crossing the river Delaware. I was in the stern, and I watched the phosphorescent gleam of the waters.

"Suddenly I was hurled headlong into the river."

"Oh, God!" groaned Wells, in agony.

"He thought I was drowned. He believed so till this day.

"But I lived. Providence supported me in the water, and threw a plank in my way on which I floated. I was picked up by a fishing schooner that was on its way to the Banks of Newfoundland. They sailed down the river, taking me with them, and landed me in the town of Halifax.

"There I supported myself with my needle. In a few weeks a son was born to me."

"A son!" cried Wells; "a son!" He started to his feet.

"Yes."

"Did he grow up?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

Uly rose to her feet. and in stern. cold tones said:

"That son perished when the Triad murdered Poole."

"Poole!" cried Wells.

"Such was the name I took. and he was my son."

Wells reeled, and fell senseless to the floor. The full horror of his guilt overwhelmed him. He felt the blood of a son upon his head.

"Spare him!" cried Clara. "Oh, my mother, remember, he is my father."

"And tried to be my murderer," said Uly, relentlessly. "Did he not murder my boy—his own son?"

"Not he—not he!"

"He was a guide and a chief in the Triad; his son's blood is on him."

Wells slowly revived. He was helped to an arm-chair, in which he sank weakly, and in a faint voice said, "Go on—reveal all."

"I lived for ten years in that country," said Uly, "and came here two years before the war. My boy grew fast and finely. He was my all. I would not go near my husband, whom I hated, and I was content to leave him my daughter, since I had my son.

"At last he was murdered."

Uly paused for a moment, overcome by emotion, she then proceeded:

"I should have died of grief if I had not lived for vengeance. I disguised myself as an Indian woman, and went to Philadelphia. I was filled with longing to see my other child, and I saw my darling Clara, and I became her servant; I was near to her, and found that I could again be happy.

"Gradually I found out all about the Triad. I went on my work of vengeance. I found that the father of my boy was guilty of his blood. I aimed to crush them all. I found out their places in various ways. Gondo thought he could bribe me to make Clara favorable to him, and was often communicative. At last I found out that André was coming to meet Arnold.

"Then I knew it was time to strike. My son's blood called for vengeance, and then ruin could only be ensured by the capture of André.

"It was I who frightened Smith so that he did not dare to row André back. It was I who induced Livingston to fire on the Vulture. I pursued André along the road, but his capture was reserved for other hands.

"Oh! to rob a mother of a son changes her nature, and maddens her. Even so was I—mad to be revenged; and now I am revenged.

"Oh, my darling! my child! this madness is past. Will you love your mother, Clara? My son has gone. Oh, replace him to me, and let me feel that I have a child still, though he is gone."

Old Wells murmured some indistinct words, and looked up with a weak, faint glance. He was utterly crushed by Uly's revelation.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANDRE'S DEATH.

Meanwhile André's doom drew rapidly nigh.

After spending a night at West Point, he was sent on to Tappan. There he remained till the last.

His mournful story elicited the sympathies of all. Among the Americans, as well as the British, all hearts mourned over the impending fate of the noble, the unfortunate André.

Letters came from the British General requesting his release. Every argument that anxiety or ingenuity could suggest was offered on his behalf. Arnold had the audacity to write, threatening that if André were not delivered up, he would inflict reprisals on such of the Americans as fell into his hands.

But nothing could move the inflexible soul of Washington.

The court martial met. There were six major-generals and eight brigadiers. Their report was, "that Major André, Adjutant General of the British army, ought to be considered a spy from the enemy, and ought to suffer death."

André did not lose his courage.

"I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me."

His behavior in confinement, his gentle manner and agreeable conversation, endeared him to all. Harry Temple was constantly with him. He went to Tappan as soon as he had rescued Clara, and remained with his friend until the last.

To him he spoke about his friends at home, his mother, his three sisters, and his love.

"Keep this," said he to Harry. "Take it from me after I am dead, and wear it in memory of me; and if you ever see *her*, show it to her, and tell her that I died with her name on my lips."

He showed Harry his precious miniature.

"I should have liked to see your betrothed, my friend Clara, whom I love as a sister. Take her a lock of my hair, dear friend, and let her sometimes think of me."

Washington never visited André, and never saw him. His behavior in this respect has been variously interpreted. But those who know him rightly believe that it was owing to the commiseration and the sorrow that he felt for the hapless fate of so noble a youth. He did not wish to expose himself to such an assault upon his feelings.

André's chief trouble was not death itself, but the mode of it. The sentence was hanging. He wished to be shot, and to this he directed his efforts.

It was made known to him that he must die at one o'clock on the 2nd of October.

"Since it is my lot to die," said he, "I have a choice in the mode."

Then he sat down and calmly wrote to Washington the following letter:

"SIR—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency, and a military tribunal, to adopt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor.

"Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me; if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet."

André preserved his cheerfulness until the last.

When the appointed morning came a vast concourse of people were assembled, and a great collection of troops. Nearly all the general and field officers, except Washington and his staff, were there. But every one was silent and gloomy.

Major André walked with a firm step between two officers, with not a trace of fear visible upon his face. He had conquered the fear of death. His face had a complacent smile, and he bowed to several friends whom he recognized. It was only when he saw the gibbet that he lost his composure.

He had hoped until the last that he would be shot. But the sentence was fixed, and could not be changed. This had been mercifully concealed from him; yet still the shock of the discovery was severe. As he caught sight of the gibbet, he recoiled a space and shuddered.

"Why this emotion?" asked Harry, who was by his side.

André recovered his calmness at once, and replied:

"I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode."

As soon as everything was ready, he entered the wagon. For a moment he hesitated, but then said, half to himself:

"It will be but a momentary pang;" after which he bandaged his own eyes, and slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted the knot with the utmost composure.

Then, upon being informed that he could say a few words if he wished, he raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said:

"I pray you, gentlemen, bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man."

Then the wagon was drawn away, and all was over.

Harry's brain reeled at the sight.

"Alas!" he cried, "there dies the noblest soul on all God's earth. Farewell, brave-hearted and true! In other worlds we may, perhaps, renew that friendship which began in this."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

A wretched being was lying upon a rude bed in a squalid house in New York. Dark in skin, with black hair, and eyes that burned like two coals, he lay there—the living personification of impotent rage and futile hate.

It was Gondo.

Mad with impatience, and burning with fever, he tossed wildly about the bed, ever and anon starting up to listen.

At last footsteps sounded on the stairs below. They drew nearer; the door opened; a woman held it; and a visitor, peering doubtfully and inquiringly in, showed the face of Benedict Arnold.

Gondo uttered a cry of joy.

"Ah, Gondo—is this you?"

"It is."

"How did this happen?"

"I am mortally wounded."

"Wounded?"

"Yes," said Gondo; and he gave an account of the seizure of Clara, and the rescue.

"After I had received that blow I felt that I was lost.

"But I was so nerved by hatred of this man that I conquered pain. I climbed out of the opening, slid down the precipice by a way that was only known to myself, and reached the river's bank.

"I fainted a dozen times from pain—I lay senseless for hours together. I have sailed, and have walked, and have ridden—but slowly, for my wound is mortal. At last I arrived here."

"Welcome, then," said Arnold. "You have been a faithful friend; I may yet have need of you."

"Never more!" groaned Gondo.

"Why not?"

"My men are crushed; I can gather them no more again. I, too, am mortally wounded."

"What led you on this desperate enterprise?"

"Love for Clara."

"Love! You don't seem like a person who is very much troubled with that commodity. But what a hazardous game you played!"

"Nevertheless, it succeeded. Had we not been surprised in our camp we could have defended ourselves."

Gondo now looked at Arnold with an earnest gaze.

"I have sent for you on important business—to me at least.

"Ah!" ejaculated Arnold, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes—for I am a dying man, and I must say something before I go."

Arnold composed himself to listen.

"My mother was the daughter of a chief, and my father was a white man. He came to our camp, loved her, married her, and I am his son. He then went home, and my mother died of grief when she heard that he had a white wife already.

"But the Indians didn't care. So when he came to the camp they were still friendly. He took me away. He would not take me to his own house to disgrace him, so he sent me to school and college, and kept my existence a secret from his family.

"But I was dishonored. My white blood and my Indian blood were both disgraced. As a white man I was looked upon as the son of shame, as an Indian I was treated as an inferior being. The feelings of my heart might have been turned in friendship toward the whites; as it was I hated them.

"My Indian nature impelled me toward the camp. My father died—I went to the camp altogether. The old chief died, and I filled his place.

"Then the passions of my soul could be restrained no longer. I led my braves forth, and our motto became, 'War with the Whites!' How that has been carried on, and how many have fallen, you know

"I sought out my father's family in secret, to see what they were.

"I saw my brother!

"Had he been like the other whites I would have passed on in scorn, without any feeling save contempt. But I looked at him, and I saw that his face was like the face of a God. I met his glance, and I quailed, for his eye was like that of an eagle. I spoke with him, and his words smote like fire to my soul. His spirit was capable of any action. He was a leader among men—the pride and hope of the armies of America."

Arnold started to his feet, with clasped hands, and a face of wonder.

"I had no other God. He was the Being in whom I believed. I would have died at his command. I held up his image before me, and fell down before it. And in my secret soul I exulted to think that this glorious being was my brother.

"I attached myself to him—I became useful to him. With my aid he succeeded in everything, for I was like a second self. I read his thoughts, and I acted as he would act.

"With my help the work went on bravely, till at last, in a moment of blindness, I was forgotten. All was lost! And now we both are ruined, and forever overthrown!"

He paused.

"What is all this?" cried Arnold, in a husky voice, drawing near to Gondo, and looking at him as though he would read his very soul.

"Look at this," said Gondo, handing him a package of letters. "These are the letters which my father wrote to me.

"And this," he added; "for here is a certificate which he gave my mother at her request when they were married."

Arnold looked at the papers. His face turned white; he saw a familiar name.

"My father!" he cried.

"Benedict Arnold, your father was mine!"

"My brother!" exclaimed Arnold, grasping the thin hand before him. "Your relation to me is proved by better things than papers—by your valor, your courage, and your high soul."

A flush of triumph came over Gondo's face.

"I am dying," he said.

"No," cried Arnold; "this will pass. Live, brother; and together we will make our names terrible to America! With you, again I shall go on to victory; and we will be like one soul in two bodies."

"Never again," murmured Gondo, faintly.

Well might he speak thus! Already the film of death was gathering over his eye, and the hue of death over his cheek. Holding Arnold's hand with a convulsive grasp, he lay gazing at him while sense declined, and the energies of the body slowly ebbed away.

His excitement hastened his end. He might have lingered on for several days had it not been for this interview. Now a reaction followed, and his strength sank down rapidly.

"It's coming," he murmured, at last: "It's here!—Father—brother!"

And with these words his soul departed.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONCLUSION.

Uly had left her Indian character forever. Gentle, and tender, and loving, she became dearer to Clara every day. The young girl felt for the first time the full value of a mother's presence. She rapidly recovered.

But as she recovered, her father sank. The shock which he had received in New York, when Uly whispered to him the secret of his crime, and threatened to divulge it if he did not say what she wished, had affected him severely. And now this second blow had overcome him.

He might have withstood it had it been merely the discovery that she had been saved.

He might have borne the thought that she had lived for years in poverty and deep humiliation.

But she had given birth to a son, whom he had never seen—a son, an object for which he had longed—a son, who would have been the pride and the stay of his old age.

But now that son was dead—foully murdered by the Triad, and he knew well that the blood of the son was on the head of the father.

So he sank down to the lowest stage, and then lingered for months, waiting death every moment.

Temple was reinstated at West Point, and was a constant visitor; for Clara's father had rented the house in which Arnold lived, as he expected that his daughter would receive more benefit from a residence there than anywhere else.

The succeeding events in the war followed on rapidly. The cause of America alternately languished and triumphed. Her armies, however, were led by one who was altogther unmoved by any transient defeat or victory, and who looked forward to the final conquest, and to that alone.

At last the final hour came, and Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Before that time old Wells had died, and Harry, knowing that the war was ended, besought Clara to receive him as her protector since her father was gone.

He did not have to beseech in vain. After a decent interval had elapsed after the death of Wells, their union took place in the parlor of the house that had once been the home of Arnold.

Mrs. Arnold had left a few days after the great tragedy. She went to Philadelphia. But the authorities there, thinking that she had been privy to her husband's guilt, ordered her away.

She was forced to go. All through the land she witnessed the execrations which the people poured upon her husband's head.

She joined her husband at New York, and at the close of the war went with him to England. Afterwards she revisited her native place. But her old friends were cold. Dishonor had attached itself to her name—there was no peace for her wherever she went, life had lost all its charms, and she longed for death. There was only one on whose constancy she could rely, with whom she sought rest, to whom she often came in distress, and in whose arms she at last died.

That friend was Clara Temple.

Of Arnold himself little more need be said. How he turned against his country; how he led British troops to plunder and ruin his countrymen, how he deepened his crime by new blows against the heart of his country—all this is history. History also records that his punishment followed him; a curse like that of Cain clung to him; he was a marked man, known, pointed out, and scorned in every land to which he was carried, and learning, when too late, how terrible it is to receive the scorn, the contempt, and the execrations of an indignant world.

It was at London, in the month of June, 1801. Pale and emaciated, worn out with disease, Benedict Arnold sat in his chair, dying.

In a feeble voice, he ordered his servant to bring out his old continental uniform, the same which he had worn in so many glorious battles, and fields of deathless fame.

They put the coat on his shoulders. He looked upon the glorious insignia. Memory carried him back to the past. Again he marched through the northern wild. Again his haughty voice summoned Quebec to surrender. Again he rode over the blood-stained battlefield, and urged the legions of liberty against the shattered hosts of Burgoyne.

That was his last dream, for even then, as his hand fondly stroked the uniform, life sank away, and his soul departed. The uniform was his winding-sheet.

So died Arnold the Traitor.

The union of two hearts like those of Clara and Harry was of itself a guarantee of happiness. Life opened before them bright with happiness, and Love threw flowers in their path.

Nor could they forget the memory of that noble soul whose friendship had been given to them in the darkest period of his life. His last words were remembered as a sacred legacy. The lock of hair which he had left to Clara was worn next to her heart through life. The miniature which he had spoken of to Harry was kept by him until he placed it in the hands of her who had a higher and holier claim to its possession.

They accompanied the dear remains to England; they saw a nation rise to do honor to his bones, and the doors of the national Valhalla open to receive them among her greatest and noblest men.

There he still lies in Westminster Abbey. Peace to his ashes, and Honor to his memory.

THE END.

Arabella is entreated to return to her disconsolate Husband, from whom she got separated in the great crowd at the Exhibition. He is waiting most anxiously at the Tenth Pillar, opposite the Cake Stall, in the Middle Aisle, near the Statue of Despair, on the right-hand side as you enter at the North Gate. To facilitate the recognition, he is wearing a white hat. Come, dearest Arabella: your devoted Husband will not abandon his post till the very last minute of the usual dinner.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOE WHITING.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

My native town, a pleasant little seaport, nestled upon the shore of one of the numerous indentations of Narragansett Bay, at one period carried on quite an extensive commerce with the West Indian cities, particularly with Havana, Matanzas, Port au Prince, and San Juan de Puerto Rico.

This was years ago, when New York, like the voracious glutton she has since become, had not swallowed up and monopolized nearly all the foreign commerce of New England; and the smaller and less pretending towns were not driven from their once lucrative pursuits, to cotton mules, looms, sugar refineries, and other manufacturing enterprises to eke out a feeble existence.

In those cheerful times the island-gemmed waters of Narragansett were speckled with the white sails of departing and returning argosies, bringing to their owners rich returns, and abundance and prosperity to the community. Every individual in the town was either directly or indirectly engaged in this commerce.

Our exportations were usually the products of our own industry—the fruits and vegetables of our fields and gardens, together with the class of merchandize ususually denominated "Yankee Notions." These were exchanged, at a liberal profit, for the sugars, coffee, fruits, &c., of the Islands.

It was at this prosperous period, when all my townsmen were investing their capital in this kind of traffic, that, inspired by the example of their former masters, a company of enterprising blacks and mulattoes, *without a navigator among them*, united their little means, and purchasing a small vessel, manned from their own numbers, laid in an "assorted cargo," as above described, and cleared for the Island of Santo Domingo.

Their captain was Joe Whiting, a mulatto barber, who, though an intelligent fellow, capable of keeping accounts and attending to the financial affairs of the company, had never been out of sight of land, and therefore entirely unfit for the post to which his companions had elected him. But Joe's father was of the company, and being a good fore-the-mast hand, it was to him that the captain would look for all necessary advice in the sailing directions and general management of their vessel. In short, *old* Joe Whiting was the real master of the schooner.

Well, everything being snugly stowed away, and the breeze springing from the right quarter, the Bold Adventurer raised her anchor, spread her canvas, and moved gracefully out of the harbor, carrying with her the good wishes of every person in the town, though many shook their heads, and predicted that that was the last we would ever see of the vessel or crew.

This prediction proved true, for the Bold Adventurer never returned. She was spoken, however, by more than one returning West Indiaman, who reported that thus far all had gone well on board; and when last seen, she was within a few days sail of the harbor of Port au Prince, whither she was bound.

Time passed, and months glided away, while each day anxious eyes were turned towards the offing for a sight of the missing vessel. But she came not. Months melted into years; no intelligence of her fate ever reached us, though many inquiries had been instituted. Whether she had gone down in a tropical storm that had arisen about the time she was last seen, or had fallen into the hands of pirates, who then swarmed the West Indian waters, none could ever tell. It was certain the vessel had never arrived at the port of her destination; and the fate of her crew became involved in an inexplicable mystery.

From the time of the sailing of the Bold Adventurer, twenty odd years had gone, when one summer day the usual quiet of our little town was disturbed by an extraordinary event. This was the discovery of a large vessel, of a foreign appearance, off the mouth of the harbor, heading directly for the anchorage. She was a trim-looking barque, with gaily painted sides; and, as she ran up with a freshening breeze, her clean, bright, coppered bows glistened in the morning sun like burnished gold. Clewing up her sails, and firing a gun in salutation, she sent aloft a roll of bunting, which, unfolding itself upon the wind, exhibited to our wondering eyes the blue and red flag of the Republic of Hayti, which never before had waved above our harbor.

Many were the curious eyes that were gazing upon the stranger; and our glasses being brought to bear upon her decks, we perceived that her crew was made up entirely of blacks.

No sooner had the anchor of the new comer touched the bottom, than the port officer boarded her; and a few minutes after, the ships yawl left her side, and a portly, middle-aged, and richly dressed mulatto was seen occupying the stern sheets.

As this individual approached the shore, he gazed about him, and upon the crowd who awaited his arrival, with much apparent interest; and as he stepped to the wharf, he seemed to recognize many faces there; for advancing with great courtesy, and a manner expressive of much pleasure, he grasped the hands of several of the older citizens, and calling them by name, made many inquiries about the place. Yet as familiar as he seemed with everything about him, none could recognize in the handsome and gentlemanly stranger, one they had ever known before; and it was not till he announced his name as Joseph Whiting, our whilom barber, that he was known. But the news soon spread over the town of his arrival, for all were familiar with the story of the long-lost Bold Adventurer and her crew. He was as one suddenly returned from the depths of the ocean, and all flocked to see him, and welcome him back to his old home. Indeed, while he remained among us, he was the lion of the day.

It leaked out that he had returned a rich man, and certainly he had become a polished gentleman; and curiosity was on tiptoe to learn the story of his adventures, and the fate of the companions who, more than twenty years before, sailed with him from our shores.

Singular, indeed, was the tale he told—one full of such rare and wonderful incidents, that but for the proofs he had to exhibit, would have greatly taxed our credulity. But of its entire truth, however, no person who heard it ever doubted.

I will relate it in his own words, as near as I can recall them after the lapse of so many years.

"We left this port," commenced the narrator, "with a full cargo and hopeful hearts, as some of you will remember, and ran by dead reckoning till we made the most southerly of the Bahamas; and then entering the Windward Passage between Cuba and Santo Domingo, laid our course to the south, with the intention of making the land near Cape St. Nicholas. But scarcely had we raised the loom of that elevated point when one of those fierce northers, of so frequent occurrence in those latitudes, came down upon us. Although many of our crew were experienced and skillful seamen, and we were in part prepared for the storm, our vessel was soon a dismasted wreck. But with the help of a jury mast we succeeded in weathering the Cape, and after getting under the lee of the southern shore, safely outrode the gale.

"When the wind lulled and the great sea subsided, we repaired damages as well as we could, and continued our voyage. We were within a few hours' sail of our destined harbor when, on passing the eastern point of Gonaive's Island, we were alarmed by the sudden appearance of a number of boats putting off from the land, and pulling towards us. We soon discovered that the boats were filled with armed men, and there was but little doubt of their intentions towards us. At the time we had a light wind, and with our little spread of canvas there was no chance of escape from the pirates, for such they doubtless were. Our only alternative, therefore, was to fight them.

"Before leaving port we had laid in a supply of arms, as it was well known at that period that buccaneers were as numerous in those seas as honest traders; and no vessel ventured beyond the Capes of Florida without the means of protection, or at least of some show of defence. We had on board two short carronades, and as the foremost boats ranged up under our bows, we filled them with bags of spikes and bits of broken chains, and poured a deadly fire into the pirates. The effect was frightful, for one of the boats was knocked into splinters, and its occupants nearly all killed. The other boat was not so seriously damaged, but we could see that a number of the pirates had been badly hurt.

"This checked them for a while, and we began to congratulate ourselves with the hope that they would make no further attempt to board us. But we were mistaken. Soon other boats pulled off from the shore to the assistance of the first; and though we fought till six of my little crew had fallen, the pirates were soon in possession of our vessel, and I with the remaining four men were forced to yield to the yelling crowd that filled our deck.

"We were driven to one of the boats, and conveyed to the pirates' rendezvous on the island. What became of the Bold Adventurer and her cargo, I never knew for certain; but I have no doubt she was taken to the Spanish side of St. Domingo and disposed of by the partners of the pirates there. A few days after a party of them returned to the rendezvous with a bag of doubloons, which was divided among the gang.

"My companions and myself were retained here by the pirates for nearly two years, where we were employed as menials in the capacity of cooks and washers, but never permitted to leave the island till being obliged at length to vacate it, they established a new rendezvous on the east end of Cayo Romano.

Sometimes the pirates leaving ourselves and a few of their numbers behind, to watch over their hidden plunder, would absent themselves for weeks on their robbing expeditions, and among the Bahama Keys, where many of their associates were in the habit of assembling to dispose of their spoils to the Havana merchants, whose agents met them there. These facts we overheard from the pirates themselves, at such times as a division of money—the proceeds of their sales, took place among them.

"The leader of the gang to whom we were prisoners, was a Portuguese, named Mendez, a cruel and bloodthirsty wretch, who reveled in blood and robbery, and was happy only when engaged in the blackest crimes. Murder was his pastime; and one morning he shot my poor old father, without the least provocation, just to keep his hand in, as he said. The old man was rolling a cask of water to one of the boats, when the villain approached him from behind, and deliberately shot him through the back of the head. We were in constant fear of our lives whenever this inhuman wretch was among us.

"Among our numerous duties, was one which was the only pleasant service required of us. This was to hunt the wild parrots, of which the woods were full. We were permitted to use shot guns, and an hour's hunt every morning resulted in as many of the birds as sufficed for the breakfast of the men usually remaining at the rendezvous. One morning while thus engaged, we chanced to hear the voice of Captain Mendez in low conversation with some one in a clump of wild orange trees, close at hand. My companions instantly left the vicinity and pursued their search for birds. But curious to see what these men were about, I stealthily crept to the thicket, till I could perceive that the pirate chief and his first officer were engaged in secreting something beneath the soil. I staid only long enough to see this, and then noiselessly withdrew, and rejoined my companions.

"A few days after this discovery, the pirates again left the island, leaving but five men to guard the place. No sooner were we ordered to the woods in quest of game, than I communicated to my fellow prisoners the fact, that I had seen the two pirates engaged in burying something, and I had no doubt it was treasure. I proposed that we should disinter it, and if it proved, as I suspected, of great value, to remove it and hide it in some other place.

"It was a bold and dangerous undertaking, and my companions at first refused to have anything to do with it. But I suggested to them the possibility of our yet escaping from the island to the main land of Cuba, which could be plainly seen from the southern shore, and this money, if such it was, might be carried with us. This argument prevailed, and we soon found ourselves in possession of several large bags of golden coin, which we transferred to another hiding place among the rocks near the shore. This done, we continued our hunt till the necessary number of birds were obtained, and returned to our encampment as if nothing unusual had occured.

"Being now in possession of so much money, we began to think more than ever of making our escape from our captors. Hector Clark, one of our comrades, proposed to dispatch the five pirates, and take possesion of the only boat left at the island, and pull over to Cuba. But Cato Howland, and Romulus Simmons were with me in opposing the plan. These men had never, personally, done us any harm, and I could not bear the idea of cold blooded murder. I therefore suggested a plan, which a few nights after we acted upon. We had been in the habit of relieving the pirates in the guard duty of the night, which the chief exacted, so that there were two of us, and as many of the pirates on the watch at the same time, while the others slept. On the night agreed upon, Hector and Romulus removed the money to the boat, and it being a dark rainy night, they succeeded in launching the little craft without exciting suspicion. Cato and I were on guard, one on the land side of the camp and the other near the shore; and at the signal given, we deserted our posts and ran to the boat, and pushed her from the shore before the pirates suspected what we had done. The noise of our oars, however, as they dropped into the row locks, aroused them. But it was too late. They ran to the beach and discharged their carbines; but no harm was done, we were beyond their reach.

"When daylight broke upon us, we found ourselves among a cluster of low, rocky islands. But beyond, to the south, the green hills of Cuba rose before us, and invited us to the shore.

"Elated with our happy escape, as we supposed, we pulled manfully, when, on rounding one of the little islands, we discovered a boat filled with white men pulling directly towards us. Horrified by this unlooked for sight—for we had no doubt they were Key rats, as the Cuban pirates were called—we headed our boat the other way, and ran for the opposite side of the key, where we landed, and secreting our treasure, endeavored to hide among the rocks, for our pursuers were too numerous to fight with our two muskets, which we still retained. We were soon prisoners again, and our captors, declaring that we were escaped fugitives, carried us to the Cuban shore, where, in a few days, we found ourselves sold, and condemned to a life of servitude upon a large sugar plantation belonging to a Spaniard by the name of Alvas. Such was the barbarous treatment we received at the hands of this merciless master, that we heartily wished ourselves back among the pirates. Even their brutality was preferable to the terrible tasks that were imposed upon us by Alvas's inhuman overseers. Whipped, starved and worked as we were, it was too much for my poor companions, Hector and Romulus, and scarcely three months after landing on this island, they died, leaving Cato and myself the only survivors of the once happy crew of the Bold Adventurer.

"As good fortune would have it, the plantation of Señor Alvas was upon a small stream, navigable for boats to the mouth, some three miles below. This was called the Embarcadero, where small lighters received the hogsheads of sugar and molasses from the estate, and conveyed them to drogers outside the bar, by which they were shipped to Havana.

"With the connivance of friendly negroes on the plantation, we contrived it so that a canoe belonging to one of the lighters was hidden in the mangroves near the Embarcadero, and laying in a supply of provisions sufficient for eight or ten days, we started from our hiding-place one night, and embarking in the canoe, drifted silently out of the river upon the open lagoon.

"On the approach of day we landed on one of the barren keys, till night again concealed us from view. Thus, for several nights, we proceeded, till at length we reached the open sea, where we hoped to fall in with some homeward bound West Indiaman.

"Fortunately for us, it was at that season of the year when storms rarely occur, or our little boat, a mere cockle-shell, would have stood but a poor chance. We had been drifting about, still, however, keeping our course, as much as in our exhausted state we could, toward the East, for more than a week, when one morning Cato woke me from sleep with the joyful cry of '*A sail! a sail!*'

"The stranger was close upon us, and seeing our signal, sent a boat and received us on board. She proved to be English, and bound to Port au Prince, the very harbor for which we had cleared so many years before. The captain heard our story, and with the kindness characteristic of English sailors, treated us to the best his brig could furnish. We were clothed in decent suits, and four days after we found ourselves on shore, and freemen once more, in the capital of the Haytien republic.

"Our troubles were now over. Having made the acquaintance of some worthy Haytiens, we related our adventures, and public sympathy was soon extended to us. The authorities furnished us with a small schooner and a trusty crew, with which we returned to the key where we had secreted the pirate's gold. It was found precisely as we had hastily hidden it, and we returned to Port au Prince rich men, after all our unhappy adventures.

"Boyer was at that period president of the republic. It was my good fortune to make his acquaintance, and having soon mastered the French language, I was received into his confidence; indeed, I might say I became one of his most confidential advisers. A few years passed, and I became one of the ministers of State, but after a few years of service, I resigned my elevated appointment, and retired to my coffee estate, where, in company with my good friend Cato, and in the bosom of my family, I hope to spend my remaining days in quiet."

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

> For fools alone 'gainst woman's wit would strive
> To wrestle. Steel is less pliant—adamant
> Less strong; grasp, it eludes. Strike, and the blow
> Recoils.
> OLD PLAY.

It cannot be denied that the two young wives possessed an excellent ally in their aunt. The experienced matron had shaken off the lethargy peculiar to persons who have long inhabited the East. The downy moth was transformed into the active, busy wasp, incessantly upon the wing, and well prepared either for attack or defence. Without appearing to arrange it, Mrs. General Bland contrived to dispose of her servants in such a way that the old bachelor should find no difficulty in introducing his partners into the library. She even removed the key from the outside of the door to the inside, that they might secure themselves against surprise.

As she sarcastically observed to her nieces, "It would be a thousand pities to spoil their promised pleasure."

When everything was prepared, a smile stole over her features—a dreadfully wicked smile. Mr. Rhimer would have shuddered had he seen it.

"Well, girls," she exclaimed, "have you practised how to receive the intelligence of your sudden and heart-rending bereavement?"

"We must be very much shocked," suggested Annie.

"*At first*," said the widow, approvingly.

"I mean at first, aunt."

"Then you had better faint, my love."

"Just as you please," answered Mrs. Ray, laughingly.

"And Loo?"

"Yes, aunt."

"You must go into hysterics!"

"Hysterics!" repeated Mrs. Rhimer, looking very much frightened. "I don't know how."

"What?"

"I don't know how, aunt!"

The confession must have been a most humiliating one, no doubt, or that excellent woman, Mrs. General Bland, would not have appeared so shocked at it.

Where could her niece have been educated?

"It is not my fault," added Loo, with the utmost simplicity; "I have always had such excellent health."

"Health!" ejaculated her aunt. "You hear her, Annie? Health!"

Mrs. Ray indulged in one of her musical laughs, and whispered a few words of explanation into the ear of her sister.

"I fear I shall fail," said the latter, "but I am quite willing to try."

"Try!" repeated the widow; "the idea of *trying* at your age; two years a wife, too! *Incredible!* No wonder, my love, that your husband tyrannizes over you."

"He shall not do so again," observed Mrs. Rhimer, with more spirit than she had hitherto displayed. "I am no longer a child."

"I should think not."

"Neither will I be treated like one," she added. "This last unkindness has quite decided me."

"Excellent!" said her aunt, approvingly; "continue firm, and the victory is certain. We will teach the gentlemen a lesson; they deserve one."

"Richly," exclaimed both the sisters.

Towards dusk, Mr. Charlton and his two partners might have been seen creeping cautiously through the shrubberies at the back of the house, the old bachelor considerably in advance. Having ascertained that the coast was clear, he made the signal agreed upon.

"I say, hang it! this is great folly," whispered Ray, who began to entertain serious misgivings as to the result of their scheme. "Better give it up!"

"Never!" muttered the husband of Loo, between his teeth.

"It will break my wife's heart."

Rhimer smiled, disdainfully.

"I don't think yours will suffer much," added the speaker.

The little man scorned to reply to such an insinuation. He had every confidence in the efficacy of his system, and walked at once towards the hall, followed by his partner, who had very much the air of a housebreaker.

A few minutes saw them all three safe in the library.

Nothing could have been better arranged. The apartment was but seldom used, and a glass door, with a green curtain, communicated with the drawing-room, where the aunt and nieces were seated.

"Now is the time," whispered Mr. Ray, "to announce the melancholy catastrophe."

"My dear Charlton!" exclaimed the husband of Annie, seizing him nervously by the button, "don't you think this is carrying the joke too far? I'll pay any forfeit you please. Think of our wives' feelings! Hang it! as a man and a gentleman, I really can't!"

The mischief-loving old bachelor cut short the pathetic remonstrances, by releasing himself from his grasp, and gliding out of the library.

Rhimer immediately locked the door. *He* had no misgivings.

"Too late, now," he whispered; "besides, you have given your word."

With an air of resignation that might have moved the heart of a stone, supposing stones to possess such things, Mr. Ray threw himself into a chair to await the event. The die was cast, he felt that there was no avoiding it, and thought, as he had been let into the scrape, he might as well see how his wife would receive the intelligence of her supposed bereavement.

That he would have to pay dearly enough for his curiosity, he had not the slightest doubt.

It was an amusing picture to watch the two husbands—one fiery and impetuous, standing on his dignity, resolved to battle for it to the last; the other, frightened and fidgety, and wishing himself well out of the adventure.

Meanwhile, as our readers are aware, the ladies were perfectly prepared for the part they had to play, and mischievously conscious that every word they uttered would be overheard.

They would have been false to their sex, indeed, to have thrown away such an opportunity.

"Six," said the aunt, looking at her watch; "the gentlemen are late."

"Men are never punctual," observed Mrs. Ray

"Never," repeated her sister.

Rhimer frowned, and bit his lips.

Harold and Mr. Charlton now made their appearance; the latter with his countenance admirably made up, expressive of woe. Our hero with difficulty kept himself from laughing, so highly did he enjoy the scene.

"Oh, Mrs. Ray!" murmured the old bachelor.

"Oh, cousin!" said his companion.

"Such a dreadful accident!"

"Fearful!"

"So unexpected!"

"What is it!" exclaimed Annie; "do speak out! I hate being kept in suspense."

Her sister remained silent; she was *mentally rehearsing* her hysterics.

"The boat!" groaned Mr. Charlton.

"The boat!" repeated our hero.

"Upset!"

"And our husbands wet through, no doubt?" observed Mrs. Ray.

"Worse!"

"Worse!" repeated Mrs. General Bland, drawing her nieces towards her, as if to shelter them in her maternal bosom. "Worse! Remember, my loves, that we are Christians, and it is our duty to bend to the will of Providence. You had better speak out," she added, addressing the old bachelor. "I think—I trust we are prepared."

"The crocodile!" muttered Rhimer between his teeth.

"Drowned!" said Charlton, pretending to wipe away his tears. "Two such excellent young men—so looked up to in the City—so generally——"

The rest of the panegyric was cut short by the hysterics of Loo, who, considering it was her first attempt—*the aunt rather doubted it*—acquitted herself very creditably.

Annie fainted on the shoulder of Harold Mansell, and the *tableau* was complete.

"Place her on the sofa, my dear boy," said the widow; "and send my maid to me. This is indeed a blow! You too must retire, Mr. Charlton," she added. "How shall I console them?"

"Mind my dress!" whispered Mrs. Ray, as her cousin laid her gently on the couch; "and turn my face from the glass door. I am sure I shall laugh else."

Our hero did as she requested, and, accompanied by the arch plotter of all the mischief, quitted the room.

Mr. Rhimer was in ecstasies at the feeling displayed by his wife, and wrung his partner's hand emphatically.

"What do you think of my wife now?" he whispered.

The husband of Annie was thinking of his own.

In a few minutes their bachelor adviser joined them.

Not to tire our readers, we must pass over the well-acted bursts of grief, faintings, and hysterics of the supposed widows, and the consolation offered by the experienced aunt, who gradually succeeded in calming their sorrow, which sank into broken sobs and murmurings.

"I can feel for you, my loves," she said, as she sat between them on the sofa, with one arm round the neck of each. "It is a dreadful thing to lose a husband so suddenly."

"Poor Rhimer!" sighed Loo; "I hope they will find him."

"They shall fish for him in the morning, dear," observed Mrs. General Bland.

"Why did they venture?" exclaimed her niece.

"Why, indeed!" sobbed Annie. "But Ray was so daring—the river so deep——"

"And Rhimer so short," added her sister. "I don't think he was more than five feet five even in his boots."

The speaker could not avoid hearing the half-stifled burst of indignation in the library; the remark almost choked the object of it, who really stood five feet six.

But women are rarely accurate.

"I trust," said the aunt, "your husbands have made their wills."

One of the parties alluded to mentally resolved to alter his.

Neither of her nieces knew.

"After all, my loves," continued the experienced dame, kissing first one and then the other, "severe as the blow undoubtedly is, it might have been worse. You have the winter before you; weeds are most unbecoming; I had to wear mine through one entire summer.

"You can wear bugles in spring," added the lady.

The supposed widows declared that they detested bugles.

"That woman would corrupt a saint," whispered Rhimer, and Ray began to be of the same opinion.

There was a gentle tap at the drawing-room door.

The butler said something about dinner.

"This is no time to dine!" replied his mistress.

"No, no," sighed her nieces.

The man was about to retire, when Mrs. General Bland called him back, and said something about a fowl upon a tray.

"And a tartlet," added Annie; "nothing more."

"Nothing more," repeated her sister, in a faint voice, "but the sherry."

"Excellent!" whispered Mrs. General Bland, who felt that the plotters had not received half punishment enough.

It was amusing to observe the tact with which she persuaded the disconsolate mourners to eat. A glass of wine she insisted upon their taking *medicinally*, of course.

The husbands looked savagely on. They had taken nothing since lunch.

"Heaven forbid, my sweet Loo," said the aunt, when the tray had been removed, and they were once more by themselves, "that I should treat your loss with levity! Your grief is not only natural, but commendable. Still, I must observe that Rhimer was not the man I should have selected for you."

"He was a tyrant!" exclaimed Annie.

"And jealous!"

"And overbearing!"

"Suspicious!"

"Exacting!"

It must have been a pleasant thing for the gentleman to hear his merits thus summed up.

"You will mourn for him," continued Mrs. General Bland, "*very properly, of course;* but time will bring consolation, especially when you recollect his treatment of you."

"I loved him dearly once," replied Loo, with modest dignity, "and nothing but his tyranny could ever have weakened my affection for him. By treating me as a child, by exacting the surrender of every taste and feeling to his capricious humor, he wounded my woman's pride. I saw myself the jest or pity of my friends. He wrung my heart, and yet I never reproached him; I only wept in secret."

Mr. Rhimer hung his head.

"I cannot paint half that I endured from his temper; his greatest pleasure appeared to be in humbling me. I had only to express a wish to find it thwarted. Men little know the happiness they throw away," she added, "when they treat their wives as slaves."

"He should have married me, my love," said the aunt, indignantly.

At this suggestion the half-repentant husband absolutely shuddered.

"What do you think of your system now?" whispered Ray, in a triumphant tone.

"Wait," muttered his partner; "wait."

"You were more fortunate in your choice," observed the widow—the real widow, we mean; "Ray was exceedingly kind."

"The best creature in the world."

"So attentive?"

"Yes."

"Never contradicted you?"

"Never."

"It must have been delightful?"

"Yes—but—*a little insipid* at times."

Mr. Ray had been in ecstacies till he heard the word insipid. A thunderbolt could not have annihilated him, morally speaking, more completely.

"Insipid!" he murmured to himself.

The old bachelor repeated the word with a most disagreeable chuckle.

It is not to be supposed that wives who had such just cause to feel offended would permit the author of the mischief to escape with impunity. They would have been scarcely human if they did, especially with such an ally as Mrs. General Bland to assist them. The aunt felt quite as indignant as the nieces.

"In the midst of our sorrow," she observed, and there was a merry twinkle in her large, sleepy, black eyes as she pronounced the word, "we must not forget worldly prudence. Your husbands' wills. No doubt they have made them."

"Ray I know has," replied Annie; "poor fellow!"

"*Insipid!*" repeated the gentleman from his place of concealment.

"And Rhimer?"

"I really can't tell," answered Loo, drawing a deep sigh. "He never confided anything to me, although I was his wife."

"Oh, these men! these men!" ejaculated the aunt; "fortunately, your poor dear uncle's legacy will make you both independent, even if he has been wicked enough to tie you up."

"Tie me up!" repeated her niece, not exactly comprehending the term.

"You will understand it all in time," continued her relative; "all I trust is, that he has not made that Mr. Charlton executor—a mischief-making, meddlesome, prying old bachelor! He ought to have been a hermit, monk, Egyptian mummy, or something of that kind, for I am certain he has no more heart than one."

"I don't think," observed Annie, who perfectly understood her cue, "that he would be very hard upon Loo."

"I do."

"Ah! but you don't know all, aunt; Charlton was in love with her before Rhimer married her; and his only motive for exciting her husband to ill-treat her, was jealousy."

We scarcely need inform our readers that the accusation against the old bachelor was quite as imaginative as the death of the two husbands.

Mr. Rhimer regarded his senior partner with a most ferocious expression.

"He was very kind to her in private."

"Oh, Annie, Annie!"

"You know he was," continued her mischief-loving sister; "I would stake my life that he proposes for you in less than six months."

"Never, never!" ejaculated Loo, who began to feel exceedingly mystified; "why, the man——"

"Make no rash vows," interrupted Mrs. General Bland, who, finding that she had the lash in her hand, determined to use it without pity; "there is no knowing what your husband's weakness may have put in his power."

The groans that broke from Charlton were distinctly audible in the drawing-room, and the ladies with difficulty repressed their laughter.

"It is cruel of you to speak thus," observed Mrs. Rhimer. "I shall not think of marriage."

"Of course not," said her aunt, "*for a year, at least.* It would be highly improper."

A loud crash was heard in the library.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the speaker, coolly, "what can be the matter?"

She might well ask the question; for the head of the firm of Charlton and Company was struggling in the grasp of his junior partner.

"Hypocrite! monster! false friend!" roared the little man, half mad with excitement. "I'll have satisfaction, sir! satisfaction, sir!"

"Will you let me speak?"

"You shall never speak again, sir."

"You are strangling me!"

"I intend to strangle you, sir."

"Now is the moment, my loves," whispered Mrs. General Bland. "Remember, cold, freezing dignity; and, above all, firmness."

The merry-hearted Annie tried to avoid laughing. Her sister, on the contrary, not only looked sad, but very much frightened.

The door of communication between the two apartments was burst open, and the old bachelor, who had escaped, at last, from the grasp of Rhimer, staggered into the drawing-room, followed by both his partners. Their wives, who had seated themselves upon the sofa, under the maternal wing of their aunt, never manifested the slightest surprise. Never were the tables more completely turned, or the mystifiers more mystified.

"Mrs. Rhimer," said Charlton, trying to recover his dignity, "I appeal to you."

"How dare you address my wife?" interrupted the jealous husband.

"Mrs. Ray, your pleasantry has very nearly cost me my life," exclaimed the old bachelor; "that madman has half strangled me. I can understand it, although your husbands cannot. By some means you have become acquainted with our scheme."

"Exactly so."

"And made us look——"

"Supremely ridiculous," replied Mrs. General Bland, with impressive dignity. "Not that we are angry with you, are we?"

"Not in the least," answered both the nieces.

"For my part," observed Annie, "I have never been more amused."

"Nor I," added her sister.

Mr. Rhimer felt that it was the moment to assert his dignity, or abandon it forever; the idea of his being an object of amusement to his wife was not to be borne. His repentance had already vanished, and *the five feet five* began to rankle in his mind.

"Loo," he exclaimed, fixing her with a look that used to make her tremble, "I leave Snarle House this very night; you will prepare for *our* departure instantly!"

"I have no wish to detain you," answered his wife, coolly.

"Yes—you can go, Rhimer, whenever you please," observed Annie; "and take Ray with you. Since you have made us widows, we are resolved to enjoy our recovered liberty."

Her husband, who looked the picture of penitence and conjugal humility, regarded her imploringly.

"Don't stare at me in that ridiculous way!" added his wife.

"I was led into it."

"No excuse, sir."

"Against my will, Annie."

"Weakness, sir."

"Have not I been punished enough?"

"Not half enough, sir."

"Hang it, madam! did not I hear you call me *insipid?*"

The bright eyes of Annie absolutely danced with mirth as her musical laughter echoed through the drawing-room. Poor Ray could endure it no longer, but rushed to his own room, savagely resolved to pack up and start for London.

"I am waiting for you, madam," said Mr. Rhimer, "to return home. Home—did you hear me, madam?"

Mrs. General Bland raised her glass, and regarded him with a certain amount of curiosity. He appeared amusing, rather than terrible, to her in his rage.

"My home for the present," answered his wife, "is here. I shall not return with you."

"Then you never enter my house again!"

"I am rich enough to have one of my own," said his wife; "and rely upon it, I shall never *ask* to return to yours. For the present I remain here, under the protection of my nearest relative, till our final separation can be legally arranged. One word in justice to your partner, Mr. Charlton, although he merits but little consideration at my hands.

"He never, either before or since my marriage, expressed a feeling towards me, which, in a gentleman of his age, would have been simply ridiculous."

Although the old bachelor did not admire the word "*ridiculous*," he mentally thanked her for her generous vindication of his conduct.

It was more than he deserved.

The calm, resolute tone in which Mrs. Rhimer announced her determination, did more to calm her husband's violence than tears or reproaches could have done. He saw that for the present it would be useless to exert his authority, so he wisely followed the example of his partner, and beat a retreat.

An hour later, the three members of the firm of Charlton and Company returned to London in the same post-chaise.

Our readers will agree with us—the ride must have been a pleasant one.

Loo put an end to the scheme of exciting her husband's jealousy of Harold, by pointing out the delicacy of her position, and finally brought both aunt and sister to her views, although the mischief-loving Annie rather regretted it. Her last words to our hero, when he started for town the following morning, were:

"Tell Ray not to make a fool of himself."

There was not much fear that *her* resentment would prove very lasting.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sighing as through the shadowy past,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran;
Lifting each veil that Time had cast
O'er buried hopes, he thus began. MOORE.

Harold Mansell knew the impatience of his friend Tom to obtain employment of some kind, and as for the present all hopes of a situation with Charlton and Company were at an end, he resolved to try what his influence with Mr. Zachariah Imray might achieve. It was true the ex-drysalter had retired from business, but his great wealth and extensive connections in the City rendered it easy to push the fortunes of any one in whom he might feel interested. It was not without hesitation that our hero made up his mind to ask a favor of him. He remembered the old man's suspicious nature and biting sarcasm; but it was for his friend, and that decided him.

Although Zac was in one of his most splenetic moods when he called, the wrinkles round his eyes, and the unpleasant curl of his lip gradually relaxed when he recognized his visitor.

"Glad to see you," he exclaimed; "yes, I really am glad to see you, for you do not call like the rest of the world, to see what you can wheedle out of me."

Poor Harold colored to the temples.

"Umph," added the speaker, eyeing him sharply, "perhaps I am deceived. You are come to ask a favor?"

"I am, sir."

The old man laughed scornfully, and muttered to himself, "That I should have been so gulled!—all alike—all alike."

"Well, what is it?" he added.

"Perhaps I have chosen an unfavorable moment," observed our hero.

"I can say no or yes, now, as well as at any other time. But I need not ask the question; money, I suppose, money!"

"Sir!"

"I recollect, I did make you some sort of promise—idle words, empty sounds—about being glad to see you."

"Were they empty, Mr. Imray?"

"As air!" chuckled the old man; "as air!"

"I am sorry for it; for I relied on them."

"And came to borrow on the strength of them? Well, how much do you require?"

His visitor started to his feet.

"How much?" repeated the speaker.

"And do you really imagine, Mr. Imray," answered Harold Mansell, "that, knowing the opinion you entertain of your fellow-creatures, I would condescend to borrow a shilling of you? Not if I were starving. I have too proud a spirit," he added, "to ask the slightest favor of you, were that favor for myself. I can understand your smile, sir; my ignorance of the world may well provoke it; but I am one of those who mean neither more nor less than what I say, and scorn to profess a kindness where I feel none. Good morning, sir."

"Stay, boy, stay."

"Good morning," repeated our hero.

"You must not leave me thus," said the old man, placing his hand upon his arm; "bear with me. Your father would have done so."

"My father, sir!"

"Yes, he knew my sorrows, knew me before they made me unjust; my heart was not always of clay, but warm and trusting as your own. Bear with me," he repeated, "but for a few moments. There, the dark cloud has passed, and I am ready to listen to you."

"I cannot ask a favor now," replied Harold; "the words would choke me. Besides, your suspicions might return again."

"Try me. It is not money, you say?"

The eloquent blush that rose to the features of the young man sufficiently answered his question.

"I am glad of that," resumed Zachariah; "I like independence of character, and self-reliance—very glad it is not Gold you want; you do not know the curse it has been to me."

"May not that depend upon the use made of it?"

"Not always," was the reply.

There was a pause; Mr. Imray regarded his visitor earnestly.

"Neither is the favor you came to ask for yourself?" he added.

"Speak freely to me, Harold Mansell. If in my power—and I can do much where I have the will to serve—look upon it as granted. Strange, is it not?" he continued, "that I should express myself more willing to assist your friend than yourself?"

"In assisting my friend, you assist myself," replied his visitor.

Mr. Imray smiled grimly; there was something in the sentiment that pleased him.

With a tact few would have given him credit for, he drew from his visitor the history of Tom and Clara; the outrage offered to the latter by his cousin; and the opposition of Dame Mayfield to the marriage.

It was extraordinary how the features of the ex-drysalter softened as he listened to him; the hard lines on his countenance seemed to disappear—and there was an expression of something very like human kindness in his usually cold, gray eyes.

"And it was for your friend you sought me?"

"It was, sir."

"How can I serve him?"

"As I told you," answered Harold, "he is determined to marry her, and equally determined to work for his support. The reproach of his mother has stung his warm, proud heart. It was to ask your influence to obtain him a situation—a field for his industry and energy—that I came."

"He shall have one," exclaimed the old man, with a smile. "I feel interested in the fellow. There is something in your description of him that reminds me of the freshness of my own youth—the golden, happy days when life was sunshine, and not a cloud of doubt obscured the future.

"Strange," he continued, after a pause, "is it not, to hear an old, crabbed man, whose words are generally so bitter, whose heart appears a closely-sealed sepulchre, prate thus? I am not less surprised than you are, for I never thought to feel interest in any living thing again. Don't smile, boy," he added. "I know it is but an illusion, a sickly ray, a sunbeam passing through ice, without warmth—an *ignis fatuus* flickering over the grave of the past. Do not smile at it," he repeated; "it will fade quickly enough."

"I am too young to judge the world," observed our hero; "but it strikes me that the poorest wretch that lives is not so desolate as to be entirely cut off from human sympathies. Is it wise, sir, to repel them? to indulge in useless regrets, till feeling becomes morbid?"

Zac shook his head mournfully.

"You might still find happiness," continued the young man, "in diffusing happiness around you—in lessening the sufferings of your fellow-creatures."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Imray. "Humanity in the aggregate is like a rabid dog: cast a stone at it and it flies from you; offer it bread, it turns and bites you."

"You have family ties, sir," said our hero; "in them surely you might——"

"Family," interrupted the old man. "Harold Mansell, you are jesting with me. You have a quick eye at reading character, a judgment beyond your years, and the experience of your father's lot in life. Family!" he repeated. "His family made no effort to save him from vegetating through life a country curate, fretting his heart in poverty and privation, and they were rich, hideously rich," he added.

"There must have been reasons for it," observed his visitor.

"Perhaps so—perhaps so."

"Whatever his faults, my uncle is not mean."

"True, he can scatter his gold occasionally. I am more chary of mine."

"He has been most liberal to me."

"And you love him for it."

"*I am grateful for it*," replied our hero, "and do my best to merit it by attention to my duties in the bank. But were he to count down to me the contents of the strong room, they would not purchase my affection.

"It is a thing to be given, not sold."

"You are right there," said Zac, mournfully; "if gold could have bought it, I should have been a happy man."

"You, sir?" exclaimed Harold, in a tone of surprise.

"Is there anything so strange in it?" demanded the old man, fiercely.

"I did not think you had ever sought to be loved."

The reply had no sooner escaped his lips than our hero bitterly regretted it, for the countenance of Mr. Imray became fearfully distorted. The change lasted, however, but for an instant, for he placed his hand upon his side, and, by an effort of strong will, suppressed the outward signs of his emotion.

"I am sorry, sir, very sorry, if my incautious words have caused you pain."

"Speak not of it. Young as you are, you have more than once given me a lesson. I will repay it as debts ought to be repaid, in the coin in which they were contracted. Lesson for lesson, it is only just.

"I was born the victim of wealth, for it is a bane. The rich man has nothing but what he buys; friendship and love both are tainted with the stain of gold."

Harold shook his head disapprovingly.

"Or if not," continued the speaker, who had marked the movement, "the doubt, the venomous doubt, is slowly and surely distilled, drop by drop, into his heart; the effect is much the same. I thought to avoid it by securing the strong claim of gratitude in the heart of the woman I determined to make my wife, and selected a simple girl, poor and beautiful. But you shall judge for yourself."

The old man rose from his seat, and, taking a key from one of the cabinets, threw open the case attached by iron cramps to the wall, and disclosed the portrait of a lady and child, exquisitely painted. As he said, "she must have been most lovely;" of the child, a boy, Harold could not judge, for the canvas had been slashed with a knife, and the face completely disfigured.

Our hero gazed upon the likeness for several minutes in silence. Never had he seen features in which beauty and goodness were more strikingly blended, and he timidly observed as much.

"The beauty of the serpent!" muttered Mr. Imray, hoarsely. "But for the goodness—a lie, an incarnate lie—false as the vow she pledged the day she became a wife! And yet, for a few short years," he added, "I was happy—happy in being gulled, happy in my ignorance and shame, in the blind confidence I reposed in her. Heaven only knows how happy!

"All that wealth could purchase I lavished on her. Wealth appeared but as a trust for her and for her child. I would have coined my heart, had it been possible, to procure her a single pleasure, satisfy her slightest caprice."

"Such love deserved a return," observed his hearer, deeply interested.

"You shall hear the return it met with," answered Mr. Imray.

There was something so fearful in the sound of the speaker's voice as he groaned, rather than uttered, the words, that it made our hero tremble.

"I was about to quit London; I had been absent from my house but three days, when my brother placed before me letters in the handwriting of my wife—there was no mistake about that; I could have sworn to each character—which proved that for years she had carried on a shameless correspondence with one of his clerks, Clement Chambers!"

Harold Mansell bounded from his seat at the name, so great was his surprise.

"The bank had been robbed three or four days previously, and the wretch murdered. The letters—the proof of my shame—were discovered in his desk."

"I dread to ask what followed, sir?"

"More like a madman than a responsible being, I returned to Bampton Park—the world wonders why I never reside there; the fair deceiver met me in the hall, proffered her Judas kiss; I struck and cursed her.

"It was a cowardly act," added Mr. Imray, after a pause, "to raise my hand against a woman, but I was mad! my heart so wrung with agony, that reason had abandoned me. I thrust her from the house she had dishonored, cursed her in the bitterness of my shame, and closed my door against her and her child—the boy I had so lately idolized, believing he was mine.

"The rest," continued the old man, hoarsely, "is soon told; the night was a bitter one, the snow upon the ground."

Harold shuddered.

"In the morning she was found frozen to death."

"And her son, sir?"

"He died, too," answered Mr. Imray.

"At the same time?"

"No, later," said the old man, evasively.

"It is indeed a sad tale. Would that you had been less impetuous in your indignation! Perhaps, sir, there were circumstances——"

"Circumstances!" interrupted the unhappy man. "Aye, she would have lied, no doubt—explained it all with devilish cunning. Loving her as I did, think you I could easily be deceived? Had an angel told me she was false to me, I should have laughed his words to scorn. I had the proof—the strong, convincing proof—in her own letters."

"How I should like; but no, forgive me—I dare not ask it."

"What would you like?"

"To ask the date of those letters, sir," replied the young man.

Mr. Imray rose from his seat, and walking to the cabinet from which he had taken the key of the picture case, opened a secret drawer, and drew forth a packet tied with a faded black silk riband.

"Ascertain it yourself," he said, throwing them upon the table. "It would blind me, I believe, to read them again. I read them only once, and every word is engraved upon my memory."

Our hero unfolded the letters, and ascertained, but without perusing them—delicacy forbade him to do so—that they were every one undated.

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Zac, when he saw him tying them in a packet again.

"No, sir."

"Not?"

"*They are undated!*"

"It matters little," observed the old man; "the contents are sufficient. Credulity itself could not hang a doubt upon her guilt. I will not forget your friend. Come to me in three days; by that time I shall doubtless have a position to offer him. My influence is still something in the City; the richest upon 'Change would not care to disoblige me.

"Leave me now," he added. "I shall be better alone; and if in the world, Harold Mansell, it should ever be your lot to encounter a man as unfortunate and wretched as I have been made, pity him, for rest assured the cup of his misery is full."

Our hero shook the hand extended to him, and quitted the room without uttering a word.

"I am glad," said Mr. Imray, looking after him, "he asked no favor for himself. I like his spirit, to use his influence for another—the companion of his boyhood, his friend. Yes, that is quite a different affair."

"How pale you look!" exclaimed Tom Mayfield, as our hero entered the gloomy sitting-room in Lombard-street. "I am sorry you have exposed yourself to a rebuff for me. The old drysalter, I perceive, has refused you."

"On the contrary, he has promised to use his influence—promised it freely. In three days you may rely on having an appointment."

"Anything with Sir Jasper?"

"No."

"Does he object to my staying here?"

"Who? my uncle?" replied Harold, rousing himself from the train of reflection into which the singular confidence he had just received had plunged him. "Nothing of the kind, my dear fellow; I am as completely master of my actions here, as if the freehold of the street were all my own. And now, Tom, you must not ask me any further questions on the subject; for I cannot answer you. I have been listening to a very sad tale, told me in confidence. It has made me feel quite melancholy."

"Come with me to Princess street," said the young farmer; "we shall, each of us, find a pair of bright eyes there to chase away sorrowful thoughts."

The receipe, we have every reason to believe, proved efficacious; at least, we never knew it to fail. But then our experience, of course, is very limited.

If any of our readers doubt it—the recipe, not our experience—let them try it.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE LOST TWIN.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

My parents, though poor, possessed jewels for which they would not have taken all the treasures of Golconda's mines.

These were two beautiful boys, twins, and a homely little girl, with a loving and honest heart, like their own.

My brothers were the delight of my life. Never was I so happy as when I could dress them up in clean gingham frocks and sun-bonnets, and take them out with me to walk under the hedges, and down the grove through which so many fine ladies and gentlemen strayed every pleasant day.

Charlie and Lewis were the names of the twins—they looked almost exactly alike, and were always dressed alike, simply, cheaply; but yet with an air of taste. When they were two and a half years old mother said they might begin to go to school with me. She could not bear to have me out of school so much as I had been, and as she was very much engaged in her work she could not herself attend all day to the twins, so what but the school plan would do for them?

A bargain was made with the school teacher that Charlie and Lu were to "go out" twice every forenoon, and twice every afternoon.

The plan worked very well for a while—only the boys made sad work with their clothes, playing out-doors alone; but one day when Charlie, with rather a dirty face, and with his soft curls all in a tangle, came into the school-room, Lewis, who was usually close at his brother's heels, was not with him.

"Where is Lewis?" I whispered, as Charlie slipped into the seat beside me.

"He went wid the man," whispered the child, and I now saw that he looked a little scared and bewildered.

"Man! *what* man?" I said aloud, forgetting in my terror where I was.

"Alma!" said the teacher, sternly.

"Please, sir," cried I, jumping to my feet, "Charlie says Lewey has gone off with a man. Can't I go and see after him?"

"Certainly!" said the teacher, and I darted from the room, dragging Charlie with me.

"Which way did he go?" I asked, for not a sign of man or boy was to be seen.

"That way," said Charlie, pointing towards the path that led to the woods.

"Go right back into the school-room and stay till I return," I said, and the child went in.

How can I describe what followed! I cannot describe it. The dear child could not be found. The neighbors turned out when they heard of his absence, and scoured the country far and wide; but no trace of the beloved darling could be found.

* * * * * *

Twenty-one years had passed. Charlie and I were alone now, for our parents had fallen into the sleep from which there is no waking.

Alone. I say *I* was alone; but Charlie was not; he was married, and had a baby, whose name was "Lewis," and was making a very comfortable living for his little family—as for me, the house where I was born had fallen to me, and with that and the fruitful garden belonging to it, as I had only myself to support, I considered myself well to do in life.

Little Lewis needed some new shoes, and I volunteered to draw him down the street in his carriage and get them for him. When the tiny foot was fitted I bethought me of a few articles for my work-box that I needed, and so entered a little thread and needle store that was at hand.

It seemed to be newly fitted up, was very narrow and long, and rather dimly lighted. Across the lower end a few unpainted boards parted off a small nook, inside of which I saw a fair young woman holding an infant. A tall young man advanced from thence to wait on me. The moment I saw his face I felt a strange interest for him stirring in my heart. His rich, auburn curls, his large, brilliant, yet almost pensive eyes, his delicate and beautiful face, and slender form, all spoke to me, as I could not remember to have had happened before in behalf of a total stranger. Then the dim, cramped place in which he was, and the old, unsightly garments that he wore, pained me; but why? Why should I be so touched by the sight and surroundings of this young stranger? I could not divine. But go out of that store I could not without speaking to him in a way to show the friendly interest of my heart. So I asked him questions of his business, of his success, of his family, and I lifted up my little Lewis for him to see.

"You remind me so much of my brother," I said, "that I cannot treat you as a stranger. We must really all become friends. This is my brother's little boy."

"Why, what a fine little fellow!" said the young man, viewing with deep interest the child, "and it is quite wonderful how much he looks like my own boy, Charlie."

"Is *that* your baby's name?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes; here, Lottie, come out here, please, and bring baby. He has got company."

Baby was able to sit alone—he was five months younger than my boy. Baby's mother was a pretty little blushing, girlish-looking woman, sunny-eyed and pleasant-voiced. I was charmed at her appearance. How my heart did sink to think of all he had told me of the poverty and hardship of their lot, yet what affair was it of mine?

"They do look alike, Lewis, that is a fact," said the little wife.

"Lewis! Is that your name?" I asked, feeling strangely.

"Yes, Miss," said the man, looking slightly astonished.

"This child's name is Lewis, and my brother's name is Charles. He named his boy after his twin brother, who was stolen away from us when he was two years and a half old."

The young man glanced at his wife, and turned very pale.

Presently he said faintly:

"I was, I know not how, parted from all my friends when I was very small. All I could tell about myself was that my name was Lewis, and my brother's name was Charlie, and that I had a sister Alma. You, lady, remind me of that dear sister, and that child has the face of my brother Charlie."

Reader, I cannot describe scenes, but if you will visit the thread and needle merchant, you will find that his struggles for shelter and daily bread are no more so arduous as to threaten him with an early death, and that I have concluded not to live always alone in my native home, for my brother that had so long been lost was at last found.

PRIDE is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

NOTHING TO DO.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Miss Mollina McMoran was hearty and hale,
Yet wish'd to be slender and languid and pale,
So defrauded her stomach of what was its due,
And cheated her muscles of exercise too.
She dipped in the goblet her fingers so rare,
And wiped their tip-ends with a delicate air,
Then cross'd her white hands on her hoop-bespread lap,
Too inert to converse, and too vain for a nap;
For still 'twas her aim in attracting the view
To convince all beholders she'd *nothing to do*.

Miss Julia De Scamper was agile and bright,
Her step like the queen of the fairies was light:
So, her feet for the sloth of her hands made amends,
And she took for her *calling* to *call* on her friends.
At all seasons and times she saluted their view,
Though they might be busy, she'd *nothing to do*,
But a plenty of small talk around her to fling.
So, she babbled away like a brooklet in spring.
Hanging up a slain hour, as she went from the door.
Alas! for such trophies, when Time is no more.

Miss Celestia Fitz Mackerel would dawdle all day,
Over crotchet and worsted, or novel and play;
She sorted her shades with an accurate eye,
But let her poor mother's wan features pass by:
Who, worn half to death with her family care,
Found nothing like help from her daughter and heir.
"The getting of dinners, the toil and the stir
Of such vulgar pursuits were disgusting," to her;
And thus to her nondescript creed she was true—
The mother might fail, but she'd *nothing to do*.

O young men, my masters, who dream with delight
Of a home of your own, which no discord can blight,
Where are roses of Eden, from fading exempt,
And an Eve, whom no contraband apple can tempt
Where the wheels of good order like clock-work shall move,
And babies well trained bring an ocean of love,
Where prudence with smiles of endearment shall glow
And wealth hand in hand with economy grow,
I'd fain sound a trumpet and bid ye beware
Of quicksands beneath, though the surface seem fair
Avoid, like the Upas, with poisonous dew,
These exquisite ladies, who've *nothing to do*.

Hartford, Conn., August 1, 1861.

A BRAVE GIRL'S STRATAGEM.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Terrible were some of the scenes enacted during the sanguinary contest of our Revolution. History tells us of the great battles, the great events, but touches upon them briefly, leaving the details, all that made up the real life of the actors, almost wholly unrecorded. And yet it is only by these details of personal adventures—the trials, sufferings, sacrifices, perils, and heroic exploits of individual men and women—that we can form anything like a correct idea of those troublous times, which developed all the noblest emotions and basest passions of the human heart.

After the British army became established in the South, the States of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina were literally overrun with organized bands of foragers, marauders and plunderers, composed in many instances of desperadoes of the vilest description. Tories and British soldiers united in preying upon the weak and defenceless, and crimes of every enormity marked their desolating progress. Houses were seized and plundered, and frequently burned afterward; cattle were killed or driven away; old and young were tortured to make them reveal some hidden treasure; females were kidnapped and treated in the most outrageous manner; slaves were captured, or armed against their masters, and all classes were shamefully abused, and even murdered with impunity. Opposed to these merciless marauders were a few badly-clothed, ill-fed militia, and roving bands of whigs, who fell upon them wherever they could, and often inflicted the most terrible retribution, so that the whole country literally became a field of ravage, plunder, skirmish, battle and desolation.

About fifty miles north of Charleston, in the State of South Carolina, on a branch of the Santee, lived a family by the name of Crofts. Isaac Crofts, the senior, with his two sons, John and James, lads yet in their teens, had joined the brigade of Marion in defence of their country, leaving the plantation in charge of Mrs. Crofts, her two daughters, and a few negroes of both sexes. Two months had passed away without any unusual alarm to the household, when, one dark, cloudy evening, as the matron and her two daughters were seated at supper, they were startled by the heavy tramping of a body of horse, which shortly drew up in front of the dwelling. The next moment there were several heavy knocks upon the door, as if struck with a sword or musket, and a hoarse voice thundered out:

"Open, you —— rebels, in the king's name, or we'll stave our way in!"

"My God! we are lost! we are lost!" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands with all a mother's anguish, as she thought what might be the fate of her beautiful daughters, of sixteen and fourteen—the elder a dark-eyed brunette, and the younger a blue-eyed blonde. "Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" she pursued, looking wildly from one pale face to the other of the two girls who sat at the table with her.

"Let them in at once, since they will break in if we delay!" said Mary, the elder of the two, with that calmness, firmness and dignity which bespoke her no ordinary girl. "Open the door, Hector, and do not stand there shivering; surely the weather is not so cold!" she continued, addressing a stout negro who stood trembling by the fire-place, with two wenches clinging to him, the eyes and faces of the whole three expressing the most abject and paralyzing terror.

As the negro paid no heed to the command of his young mistress, the girl started up and ran to the door herself, reaching it just as it was on the point of being forced open by the angry men outside.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen!" said Mary, as she hastily drew back the bolts and threw the door open, revealing her graceful and symmetrical figure to the rude gaze of some twenty dissipated, cut-throat-looking fellows, in the undress uniform of British soldiers; "I have kept you waiting; it was not intentional; it was all the fault of my stupid servant. Walk in, gentlemen; we have just done supper, but will have another prepared for you in the shortest possible time. Oh, yes—your horses—I see—you doubtless wish to have them attended to first! Hector, you dolt, come here quick, and show these gentlemen the way to the stables! Or—I beg your pardon again—will you not all come in at once, and let my servants attend to the beasts?"

This was not said hurriedly—as one in the least excited and alarmed, and anxious to curry favor with ruthless foes—but calmly, quietly, in the most matter-of-fact tone, as if the speaker regarded the occasion as a very ordinary one, and was merely desirous of appearing polite and hospitable to welcome guests. The officer in command, who had summoned the rebels to open the door, and who intended to knock down the first person he should see, was so taken by surprise by the cool assurance of Mary Crofts, that he never moved or said a word till she had ceased speaking. Then rubbing his eyes, he ripped out a tremendous oath, and exclaimed:

"What's all this, wench? what's all this?"

"You forget, sir," returned Mary with dignity, "that I am a lady, and yourself a gentleman and a British officer, and that we are friends to the right cause. You certainly would not like me to report any rudeness of yours to Lord Rawdon!"

"Lord Rawdon—ho! ho!" laughed the sergeant—for such was his rank—as he rudely threw his arm around the waist of the girl and pressed his foul lips to her blood-tingling cheek. "That gammon won't go down, my pretty one—oh, no! Isn't this the dwelling of Isaac Crofts, the —— old rebel hound, who, with his two cursed pups, have lately commenced to bark at us? You're a deep one, and so am I—both wide awake, d'ye see—and so don't try to wheedle me—oh, no! Come, another kiss, lass—for a taste has given me an appetite in this way, d'ye see!"

Contrary to the expectation of the sergeant, Mary, instead of seeming offended, or offering any resistance, quietly drew the officer aside, and whispered:

"If you will not appear so rude and bold before your men, I will presently arrange matters so that you shall have as many kisses as you can take. Of course you will remain with us all night, and we will treat you to the best of every thing we have. No one knows better than myself what a brave soldier loves: good eating, good drinking, and——"

"Pretty women!" added the enraptured sergeant, as the fair speaker hesitated and lightly tapped him under the chin.

"Hush!" she said playfully, putting her soft hand over his mouth; "we understand one another. It is true, my father and brothers (God help them!) are in arms against the Crown; but it does not follow that myself and sister are rebels too, especially when there are good-looking English officers about. I see you understand! Come, I have a beautiful sister within, who is a good deal frightened for fear of rudeness; but a word or two with her, to convince her that she has nothing to fear, will set matters all right, and then we will have a pleasant time. Now I will tell you what I want you to do. Do not let your men come in and insult us; but select one or two of your friends for companions, and order the rest to the stables, where they will find good quarters for soldiers, plenty of hay and grain for the horses, and we will take care that they have a good supper and as much liquor as you think prudent. And hark you! there is a sum of gold in the house, which I know you will find if you search for it—so I may as well make a virtue of necessity and tell you, and then you can divide it or not as you think proper. In the morning, of course, you will take whatever you need; but I trust our civility and hospitality will not be abused, by the destruction of any property you may not choose to carry away. I believe I am speaking to an English officer, and English officers have the reputation of being gentlemen."

"By ——!" exclaimed the surprised and flattered sergeant, making use of an oath; "you're the strangest being I ever met. But see here, girl—there's no trick in this now?"

Mary gave a light laugh, as she rejoined:

"What! do you fear two or three harmless women? I acknowledge I am thus free from necessity; but still, as your purpose will be equally served, why object to the most quiet manner of obtaining all you wish?"

"I don't, girl—I'll be satisfied if you'll do all you say; but let me tell you this as a warning, that I'm not the man to be trifled with, and if I discover any sign of treachery, I'll have *your* heart's blood if I die the next minute myself!"

Then turning to his men—who, crowding close up to the door, were beginning to grumble curses upon the long dalliance of their leader with a slip of a girl, instead of leading them in to plunder the dwelling as he had promised—he ordered a sentry to be posted at each outer door of the house, and changed once during the night, and the rest to betake themselves to the stables, see their horses well cared for, and then make such disposition of themselves as would enable them to act promptly on the slightest alarm, adding that a good supper and a reasonable amount of good liquor should be sent to them.

"I'm not going to quarter you in the house," he concluded, "because there's nobody but females here, who're good and loyal, and don't want to be disturbed; and I've the promise, that in the morning we shall have all we want of everything; so mind you keep quiet to-night, unless you find out there's some trick being played on us, and then riddle out the whole —— concern."

There was some demurring at this unexpected change in operations; but the sergeant was a determined fellow, and soon settled matters his own way.

Meantime, Mary Crofts hurried back to her trembling mother and sister, and in a few words explained her ruse.

"Be civil and obedient, Lucy, and bear insults as the stoic does pain!" she said to her sister; "our lives depend on it. Leave me free to act—question nothing I do. Hector, light the horn lantern this moment, and show those gentlemen to the stables. And you, girls, (addressing the blacks,) if you ever want to see the light of another day, make haste and prepare supper for thirty men."

When the sergeant came in, he looked a little shame-faced; but modesty was not his failing, and he soon made himself quite at home. Nothing of special moment occurred during the next two hours, by which time all parties had been served with a supper that would have gladdened the heart of an epicure. The sergeant then went out to his men, gave them a reasonable amount of spirits, cautioned them to be on their guard against surprise, saw that the sentries were properly posted, and then returned into the house.

"Now, my beauty," he said, "I s'pose you're ready to give me all the kisses you promised?"

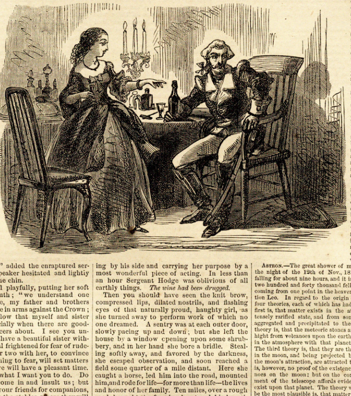
"Or let you take them, which is about the same thing," laughed Mary. "One minute!" she added, pointing to her mother and sister, who, with the two black girls, now left the room, bidding the officer good-night. "Now," continued Mary, "just be a little patient, till I give you a taste of some very choice wine, of which beverage I know you are a judge. Here it is!" she continued, producing a bottle which had the damp and dirty appearance of having recently been taken from the earth. "Try it, my friend!" and she handed him a corkscrew.

He drew the cork, filled a glass, and said, with a significant look, which clearly proclaimed his suspicion:

"After you, my love!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" rang out the clear laugh of Mary; "you should have seen your shadow on the wall when you said that!" She put the glass to her lips, and added: "Look there! if you could but see it!"

The sergeant turned his head for a moment, and when he looked back, Mary was taking the empty glass from her mouth, which not a drop of the liquor had entered, the bosom of her dress having received the whole of it. The suspicions of the officer were allayed, however, and he forthwith began to drink freely, the girl remaining by his side and carrying her purpose by a most wonderful piece of acting. In less than an hour Sergeant Hodge was oblivious of all earthly things. *The wine had been drugged.*



Then you should have seen the knit brow, compressed lips, dilated nostrils, and flashing eyes of that naturally proud, haughty girl, as she turned away to perform work of which no one dreamed. A sentry was at each outer door, slowly pacing up and down; but she left the house by a window opening upon some shrubbery, and in her hand she bore a bridle. Stealing softly away, and favored by the darkness, she escaped observation, and soon reached a field some quarter of a mile distant. Here she caught a horse, led him into the road, mounted him, and rode for life—for more than life—the lives and honor of her family. Ten miles, over a rough road, brought the foaming beast and his beautiful rider to the welcome challenge of a sentry.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign!"

"The scourge of knaves!"

"Right. Pass, friend."

As Mary Crofts rode up to the sentry, she spoke in a low tone the name of Alfred Wharton.

"Good Heaven, Mary, is it you? What has happened?"

In a few words she told him all.

"Quick!" he rejoined; "ride forward and inform Colonel Horry. I cannot leave my post. God bless you for a brave girl! and may we soon meet again."

Mary quickly exchanged adieux with her lover, who, having been out on a scout that morning, had seen and informed her where his bivouac would probably be for the night, at the same time giving her the countersign, in case she or any of her friends should wish to visit the camp. This knowledge, it is seen, she had turned to great account.

In a quarter of an hour from parting with the sentry, Mary was riding swiftly back to her home, at the head of more than twenty well-armed, gallant fellows. About a quarter of a mile from the dwelling they left their horses, and stole down in the darkness upon their foes. They surrounded the barn and suddenly demanded the surrender of the sleeping inmates. The soldiers started up, grasped their arms, and attempted to escape. Ten of them were shot, and all their horses and many valuable articles were captured by the Americans. The sentries fired their muskets and fled. The sergeant came staggering and swearing to the door and was killed on the threshold. The country was scoured in the morning, and only three of the British ever got back to tell the tale of their miraculous escape. They had been outwitted by a brave and noble girl, and Mary Crofts became the toast of the patriots far and near. It was a proud and happy moment for Alfred Wharton, when, after the close of the war, he clasped her as his bride.

PEERLESS PEOPLE.

We think there are persons who revel in that which to the majority is the most harrowing part of travelling. Need we explain that we allude to the *great*-trunk, *little*-trunk, bandbox and carpet-bag department? Observe the smiling complacency with which they will count over this horrible list, at each stopping-place, as if to say to the bystanders—you see, gentlemen and ladies, that *I* have studied this matter as a science, and mastered it; and the triumphant, "ah, now for our breakfast," with which they will put the last basket on the safely-deposited pile, as they give it a parting glance of affection, before sallying majestically in to the luxurious feed. All this is as inexplicable as crushing to the bewildered human idiot to whom the "Have a carriage? have a carriage?" on an unknown pier, sounds like an unpostponable summons to the infernal regions. With what ease the persons above alluded to dodge these importunate gentry, until the approved and happy Jehu is inspected and permitted. With what careless grace they indicate with an imperial forefinger the property he is destined to protect. Marvellous creatures! Where did they acquire this mental and moral superiority? Had their father *dark* hair, and their mother *light*—that infallible prescription for a perfect race? Did these persons judiciously avoid being born on a Friday, and otherwise introduce themselves to this mundane sphere in a more reflective manner than the rest of their unfortunate brethren and sisters? *Anyhow*—by what admirable conjunction of circumstances and virtues did they seize, possess, and forever secure to themselves this serene self-poise in hurry-scurry-ing positions, that would seem foreordained to make the hair of mankind—though never so long—stand on end? Why have our ferretting biographers hitherto neglected to nose out the "*Lives*" of these people? And where—oh, where—are the towering monuments, that should warn off careless feet from the sacred soil where their illustrious bones repose? Is it that *I*—their unworthy antipodes—am to be the *first* chosen vessel to hold up these miraculous beings to the admiring notice of a too neglectful world?

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

EDITH.—Your statement is incorrect. France far surpasses England, and, indeed, every other nation, in the size of her public libraries, and in the aggregate number of volumes contained in them. She has in all about 200 public libraries containing an aggregate of about 5,000,000 volumes; whereas England has only about 100 such libraries, containing about 2,500,000 volumes, or only equal to one half the number in France. In this country there are about 250 public libraries containing about 2,000,000 volumes. Although the number of libraries in the United States exceeds those of France or England, yet being smaller, and containing a less number of books in each, the aggregate number of volumes falls below the number contained in either of these countries.

VERDANT.—This young man says: "I am living in a family where the husband goes out, and tells me to wait upon his wife; should I do it?" We think not—both for your sake and the lady's. A husband who would pursue such a course would be the first to treat a wife brutally if any censorious remarks were the result of following his advice.

H. S. L.—You cannot probably do anything to satisfy or pacify the gentleman acquaintance who has become very jealous of you, because you visit a mutual lady-friend. A jealous man is usually a more unreasonable being even than a jealous woman.

ASTRON.—The great shower of meteors took place on the night of the 13th of Nov., 1833. They continued falling for about nine hours, and it is estimated that about two hundred and forty thousand fell during that time, all coming from one point in the heavens, viz.: the constellation Leo. In regard to the origin of meteors there are four theories, each of which has had its advocates. The first is, that matter exists in the atmosphere in an intensely rarified state, and from some cause is suddenly aggregated and precipitated to the earth. The second theory is, that the meteoric stones are thrown to a great hight from volcanoes upon the earth, and, after revolving in the atmosphere with that planet, finally return to it. The third theory is, that they are thrown from volcanoes in the moon, and being projected beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, are attracted to the earth. There is, however, no proof of the existence of any active volcanoes on the moon; but on the contrary each improvement of the telescope affords evidence that they do not exist upon that planet. The theory which is considered to be the most plausible is, that matter exists in the interplanetary spaces in a highly attenuated state, forming immense zones or circles around the sun, and extending among and intersecting the orbits of the planets. The planets in their revolutions encounter these zones, disturb their equilibrium, and occasion the meteoric showers. On this hypothesis whenever the planet reached that portion of its orbit which is intersected by one of these zones, the showers would take place, and their occurrence would be periodical. This is apparently the fact as appears from observation. The first appearance of meteoric showers on record occurred in 1799, and the second in 1833. This shows a period of 34 years between their appearance, and Alber has predicted a third occurrence of these brilliant showers in 1867.

DUNCAN.—Your trouble, doubtless, arises from the fact that you limit the term *assassin* to its present signification; whereas, the "Assassins" to which you find so many references in the historical work you have been reading, were not such characters as are now designated by that term, but a petty tribe of Syrians that dwelt among the mountains of Lebanon several centuries ago. This infamous tribe is well known to students of history. Their chief was called "The Old Man of the Mountain," and he had such an ascendancy over the fanatical wretches whom he governed, that they deemed it meritorious to perform any act, however abhorrent to humanity it might be, which was commanded by him. Whenever this bloodthirsty and implacable "Old Man" deemed himself to have been injured or insulted by any one, he despatched some of his agents to despatch the offender, and every species of disguise, deception, artifice and treachery was resorted to by them to accomplish their nefarious purpose. Among the notable personages murdered by this tribe were the Marquis of Montferrat, Lewis, Duke of Bavaria, and the Khan of Tartary. It was the murder of the Khan which led to their extirpation by the Tartars, in the year 1272.

CARRIE.—The verse of poetry to which you refer was written on the occasion of the transportation of the body of Queen Elizabeth from Greenwich, where she died, to Whitehall. The body was carried by water, and a magnificent procession of barges followed the remains of "Good Queen Bess." The poetry is as follows:

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall—
At every stroke the *oars* did *tears* let fall.
More clung about the barge: Fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam *blind* after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
For howsoe'er, thus much my eyes have scanned
She had come by *water* had she come by *land*.

GRATTAN.—The disasters in the regiment referred to arose from the extreme haste with which the regiment was formed. It is altogether best for every regiment to go into camp awhile before leaving the county in which it is raised. In this way the bad men are likely to be weeded out before they are transferred to a scene where the misconduct of one man may bring destruction upon the whole body.

C. S. O.—Alabaster is so called from Alabastron, the name of a small town in upper Egypt, near which the stone was very abundant. There are two kinds of alabaster, one a white semi-transparent *sulphate* of lime, and the other a compact crystalline *carbonate* of lime. The former is the real alabaster, and is so soft that it may be scratched with the nail, while the latter is quite hard and effervesces in acid.

JAMES.—Agamemnon was not a myth; he was the son of Atreus, brother of Menalaus, and King of Mycaene. His wife was Clytemnestra, by whom he had three children, Iphegenia, Electra and Orestes, all celebrated in Greek tragedy. He was General-in-chief of the forces which beseiged Troy, and after the termination of the war, was murdered by his wife and her paramour, Aegisthus.

S. AND S.—Of course it is not proper for you to correspond with a young man, about whom you know nothing except that he desires a correspondence. He *may* be unprincipled enough to use even an innocent letter to your disadvantage. A young girl should never so put herself in the power of a stranger.

E. W. B.—Aeschylus was the father of Greek tragedy, and was born at Eleusis in Attica, B. C. 525. Some seventy tragedies are said to have been composed by him, but only seven are now extant. He fought at Marathon, Salamis and Platæa, and died at Gela, B. C. 456.

HARRY.—The fact that you, a young man of eighteen, wish to contract a secret marriage with a young lady, when the whole family oppose your marrying at all, is pretty good proof that the family are perfectly right in thinking it absurd for "such a boy as you are" to marry.

ALBERT.—When a gentleman is walking with an unmarried lady, should he walk on the right, or left side of her? We should advise him, if he can, *to keep on the right side* of an unmarried lady.

JEFFERSON.—The old story. Parents *won't* and the daughter *will*. What shall you do? Wait till the parents come round, unless you wish to involve one whom you profess to love in the misery of a runaway marriage.

L. S. C.—Rev. E. H. Chapin is a native of Washington county, New York. He was born in 1814, and was educated for the law. He was first settled as a pastor in Richmond, Virginia, and came to New York in 1848.

MAJOR.—We cannot give a positive answer to your first question, but we believe that a French regiment of foot consists now of two battalions of 800 men each.

E. M. T.—If you wish to speak to a lady you do not know, your proper way is to get an introduction to her.

ANTIQUARIAN.—You will find your questions answered in the following statement: The ancestor of the Quincy family of Massachusetts was Edmund Quincy, who emigrated from England, with the Rev. John Cotton, in 1633. He was a man of property, bought lands at Braintree, near Boston, and died in 1635. He left a son, Edmund, who inherited his father's estate, served the colony in offices of trust, and left a son, named Edmund, who also was a distinguished man. This third Edmund was the father of Edmund Quincy the fourth, who lived nearly to the close of the American revolution. This line of Edmunds was the elder branch of the family. John Quincy, respecting whom you inquire, was the great-grandson of the first Edmund, by a line of younger sons. He was born in 1689 and died in 1767, having filled, for forty years, with the respect of his countrymen, the most honorable employments in their gift. His daughter married Rev. William Smith; and one of the children of this marriage was Abigail, who became the wife of John Adams. The eldest son of John Adams was named John Quincy Adams, who, in course of time, inherited part of the original Quincy estate. Now, with regard to Josiah Quincy. There have been two celebrated persons of that name. First, Josiah Quincy, Jun., a noble young patriot, who died just before the beginning of the American revolution. He, too, was a great-grandson of the original Edmund Quincy. The present venerable Josiah Quincy is the son of Josiah Quincy, Jun. He has been president of Harvard College, and still lives, at a very great age, near Boston. The family of Quincy is one of the oldest and most honorable in the country, since it flourishes now in the eighth generation, and has supplied the country with a large number of learned and distinguished men. Part of the estate bought by the first Edmund Quincy in 1633 is still in the possession of his descendants.

A. J. H.—Mr. Everett's Oration, in which the great issues now before the country are discussed in such an able and masterly manner, has been published in pamphlet form, and can be obtained by sending fifteen cents to G. Q. Colton, 145 Nassau street, New York.

COLLEGIATE.—You have fallen into the same mistake, in regard to the Agrarian Law, into which many classical scholars have fallen. The Agrarian Law of the Romans did not contemplate such an outrage upon the rights of individuals to property which they have acquired as to deprive every person of his *private* lands held in absolute property, and distribute them equally among all citizens. This Law had reference only to the *public* domain which accumulated by escheat, confiscation and allotment. The cause which gave rise to the idea that all property was to be taken away from its owner, and distributed equally among all persons, was the fact that the State permitted individuals to occupy these lands, and derive the benefit from them, reserving to itself a tenth of the profits. Although mere tenants at will of the State, these persons, after enjoying these lands for a long time, came to consider them as their own, and hence bitterly opposed the passage of a law which would deprive them of what they had come to consider as their private property.

HARVARD.—It is hardly correct to call the Rev. John Harvard "the founder" of the university that bears his name, because it was founded several months before John Harvard became its benefactor. In 1636, eight years after the landing of the Massachusetts Bay colonists, the General Court of Boston voted four hundred pounds for the establishment of an upper school for the education of students for the ministry. The school was begun, after a fashion, but was little more than a private institution until, in 1638, the Rev. John Harvard, an English clergyman residing in the colony, died, leaving the school a legacy of 779 pounds sterling, and 320 volumes. From this time the college assumed a certain degree of stability and importance. A large number of subscriptions were received soon after, and the college became a flourishing institution.

CHRONAS.—The name almanac is derived from the Arabic—the first syllable *al* being the Arabic article, and the remainder being derived from *manah*, to count. The oldest almanac now extant is a *manuscript* copy of one composed in the 14th century, and now preserved in the British Museum. The celebrated astronomer, Purback, compiled the first European almanac worthy of notice. The first *printed* almanac was composed by Regiomontanus for the thirty years between 1475 and 1507. During the sixteenth and seventeenth and eighteenth centuries almanacs contained prognostications of future events without number, all of which were greedily swallowed by the ignorant peasantry of Europe, until in 1852 they were suppressed in France by the minister of police.

SCOTT.—It was Jeremy Bentham, not Theodore Parker, who pointed out the fallacy involved in such expressions as "the wisdom of our ancestors," "venerable antiquity," etc. Experience, said Bentham, is certainly the mother of wisdom, and, therefore, the old should be wiser than the young. But who are the old? Not those who lived thousands of years ago, in the infancy of the race; but *we* who inherit the entire experience of mankind. Hence, to say of an opinion that it is ancient, is the same as saying that it is probably erroneous. This simple but striking truth has since been repeated in a thousand forms, but it was first announced in Bentham's Book of Fallacies, published in 1825.

SCHOOLBOY.—You will not find Bull Run marked on any ordinary map of Virginia, as it is too small a creek to require particular record. For the same reason we cannot find it in the Gazetteer. There is Bulltown, Bullville, Bull Island, Bullskin, Bull Swamp, Bull's Head, and Bullock. There is, also, in Tennessee, a village named Bullrun; but of the creek Bull Run, in Virginia, no Gazetteer condescends to make mention. You may rest assured, however, that all future maps and gazetteers will find room for it.

H. S. D. C.—The Enfield rifle, or rifled musket, is so called because the first of them that were made in England were made at the town of Enfield, near London. The cost of these weapons need not be so great as you suppose. Col. Colt, of Hartford, offered to supply the British government with a million of them at seven dollars and a half each. They can usually be bought for eighteen or twenty dollars each. The government of the United States had never paid more than twelve dollars until recently.

MARK.—The Romans had no body of soldiers similar to our regiment. They had the legion and the cohort, and the subdivisions of the latter. A cohort consisted of 420 men. A legion was ten cohorts, or 4200 men; to which, in later times, was added 300 horse, and sometimes a body of auxilliaries. Our word, regiment, is part of a Latin phrase, which meant, simply, a command or body of troops under an officer. It comes to us through the French.

E. G. C.—The almond is a native of the East Indies and of Africa, but now grows wild in the south of Europe. The tree grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet and is very similar to the beach tree, which by some naturalists is classed with the almond. The bitter almond is said to be the original kind, and the sweet an accidental variety, improved by cultivation.

CURIOUS.—Troy weight, which is now used for weighing gold, silver, jewels and medicines, derived its name, not from the ancient city of Troy, but from a town in France, named Troyes, where this weight was first used in Europe. Troyes was formerly famous for its fairs and its great trade. Troy weight was brought originally from Egypt about the time of the Crusades.

REGIMENT.—The reason why so many regiments went into service with thin and trashy uniforms was, that the requisite quantity of good cloth was not to be had in the country. The entire supply was bought up in a few days.

KENTUCK.—Your brother is engaged to a girl, and you are in love with her sister; but your parents say one out of a family is enough. Well—perhaps the girl you are in love with may think so, too, when you offer yourself, and then you will all be agreed.

A SUBSCRIBER.—It would of course be improper for a young lady to receive a present from a married man without his wife's consent. No married man, who is a proper acquaintance for you, would insult you by offering it, under such circumstances.

LA GRANGE.—In trying to make it out that you have not given the young girl whom you have been waiting upon so long, reason to think you cared for her, you prove that you are that despicable animal—a male flirt—whom no woman should have anything to say to.

MOTHER.—We believe the medical fraternity have decided against the use of saleratus in cooking, although it is a very common practice to use it in making bread and cakes.

A. E.—In accompanying a young lady home, it would be proper to offer your arm to her, if it is in the *evening*; if in the day-time, you should be governed by the customs of the place you are in.

E. A.—If a lady has told you that she has no feelings for you but those of friendship, why have you no more self-respect than to annoy her about love and marriage?

DRAMA.—The date usually assigned to the death of Macbeth, the Scotch usurper, is A. D. 1057. He is said to have reigned 17 years.

SUSAN.—How can you become graceful, you ask? By not *trying* to be so. Self-consciousness is an enemy to grace.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*
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